WHISTLING ROCK

EDNA A. BROWN

Fanny May Swift
December 29, 1924

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WHISTLING ROCK

BOOKS BY

EDNA A. BROWN

FICTION

THAT AFFAIR AT ST. PETER'S
JOURNEY'S END

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

FOUR GORDONS
UNCLE DAVID'S BOYS
WHEN MAX CAME
ARNOLD'S LITTLE BROTHER
ARCHER AND THE "PROPHET"
THE SPANISH CHEST
AT THE BUTTERFLY HOUSE
RAINBOW ISLAND

FOR YOUNGER READERS

THE SILVER BEAR
THE CHINESE KITTEN
WHISTLING ROCK

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON

Out of the sea arose the black head of the king's slave.
Page 195.

WHISTLING ROCK

By

EDNA A. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY

ANTOINETTE INGLIS

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Whistling Rock

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To R. R. A.

who likes islands and lighthouses
and the people in fur

"When I am bathing in the sea,
Cold fingers seem to grasp at me—
Small voices, crystalline and clear,
Whisper strange stories in my ear
About enchanted ocean caves
And coral grottoes 'neath the waves.

"Frail seaweed on the silver sand
Is left for me, who understand
Its message from my mermaid kin.
And, when the surf comes thundering in,
Upon his snow-white charger rides
Great Neptune, whipping up the tides!

"We who were cradled by the sea
Are never from its spell set free:
There is no melody so sweet
As that the restless waves repeat—
Land-lubbers, we for years may roam,
The ocean always calls us home!"

—M. V. Caruthers.

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Whistling Rock

CHAPTER ONE TELLS ABOUT LOVEDAY

EVER since she could remember, Loveday Blair had heard Daddy talk about the island. Always on Sunday evening, and often on other nights as well, she would climb into his lap and demand a story.

"About Mowgli?" Daddy would ask.

Sometimes Loveday chose to hear about the baby who lived with the wolves, but even when she did, she ended by demanding her favorite.

"Now, about the island and when you were a little boy," she would say.

So Daddy would look into the fire where the logs were beginning to fall apart, and tell her about the island. To begin with, there were a

great many rocks, and out in the part of the plains where Loveday lived, even little pebbles were few and far between. She could only imagine a place which was mostly large stones.

She had to guess what the sea looked like, a sea which was sometimes smooth, and blue like Mother's sapphire ring, sometimes green, sometimes gray like storm clouds, and sometimes, when it was very rough indeed, really black and white. And just because she had to play how it looked, she thought about it a great deal.

Then there were sea-gulls to consider. Loveday thought they might be like crows, only gray or white in color. But Daddy and Mother both said the gulls flew differently, not flapping along like crows, but with strong, swooping, sailing wings. Loveday decided they must fly like angels, but she did not tell anybody. Not that Daddy would laugh, for

he was always earnest about the island, but Loveday herself was rather uncertain about angels.

Daddy told her of the gulls and of the beach, all sand, where the fishing boats came in, and of the houses where the fishermen lived, built in clusters about the little bay. They did not sit in rows along a street, like houses Loveday knew, but anywhere they felt most comfortable. Some were partly on rocks—queer things, these rocks—and stood on tall legs so the water could come and go beneath them. Others were tucked comfortably into soft, cushiony places on hillsides, and poor Loveday didn't know what a hill was! She couldn't, you see, because there weren't any where she lived. There the earth goes on, flat and flat, forever and ever, just as far as one can see.

So the hills were another lovely thing about the island.

Beyond the houses and meadows were tall woods, and beyond them, the far side of the island, and the lighthouse, which was called Whistling Rock Light, and then came the sea again.

Loveday knew why the island was named Whistling Rock. In one shore was a great split where the water rushed in at half-tide with a solemn sort of moan. Daddy said it didn't sound like a whistle, unless it was a whistle which felt sad and unhappy, but he supposed that Whistling Rock sounded better than Moaning Rock or Crying Rock, and so they called it that.

Loveday knew about the lighthouse, which told the boats at sea how to go in the dark; she knew about the fog-horn which warned them to keep off the rocks when it was too misty to see well; she knew about the wild strawberries which grew on the slopes where the daisies went

down to the sea. She even knew about the nest which a white-throated sparrow built at the foot of a sweet-fern bush. And more than anything in the world, Loveday wanted to see that island. Wouldn't you, if your daddy had talked about it nearly every day for the seven years of your life? It sounded as though he would like to see it himself.

But whenever Loveday asked if they could not visit the island, Daddy and Mother said "Sometime," which, as you know, often means never, or, at least, a time so far off that it might as well be never.

One morning when Loveday got up, she didn't feel quite well, and, sad to say, she didn't feel any better when Mother let her stay at home from school. Indeed, she felt worse, and by afternoon, Dr. King came and looked at her tongue and counted her pulse and said she had the measles.

That sounded unpleasant and it was just as bad as it sounded. Little red spots came out on Loveday's skin, and she was sure she was going to look spotted all the rest of her life.

She didn't, of course. She went to bed and stayed there, and after a time the spots went away, and she didn't feel sick any longer. Dr. King said she might get up and sit in a chair. The curtains could be rolled up and the sunlight let in again. Loveday had not liked the sun to see her spots.

Loveday thought it would be fun to sit up, but quite soon she wanted to go back to bed. And the next day, it was just the same.

Mother read to her and brought her good things to eat, and offered to play parchesi, but Loveday liked the books best. Nice as the jellies and custards looked, they didn't taste as she thought they would, and it was too hard to move the parchesi counters around.

After a while, Loveday grew stronger and had her clothes on, clothes which were oddly loose around the waist, and had grown strangely short. But still, she didn't feel like playing, and when Daddy came to tell her a good-night story, she wanted to hear only about the island, and for the first time since she had known her Daddy, he didn't want to talk about it.

Then the weather grew hot and hotter, and Loveday felt more limp than ever. It was almost too much work to get up at all. And to eat breakfast seemed the last thing she *could* do. One morning she even cried because Mother expected her to eat an egg which was twice as big as any egg ought to be.

"It is much bigger than yesterday's egg," she said, with her throat all choky.

"Loveday, I think it is just the same size," said Mother, but she looked sorry, and the next

morning the egg came beaten up in milk, "buttercup milk," Mother named it. But Loveday didn't like it even then.

That very night a wonderful thing happened. What had been "Sometime" became "Next Week"!

CHAPTER TWO TELLS HOW LOVEDAY WENT TO THE ISLAND

IT was Daddy who told Loveday that she and Mother were going to the island—really going—and the very next week. Loveday could hardly believe it. She sat on his knee and looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"But you are coming, Daddy?" she asked at last.

"Later in the summer," he told her. "You see the newspaper could not get printed without me."

Loveday nodded gravely. Daddy had always to do as the newspaper said. Sometimes it told him to sit up most of the night when

there was anything important going on, like a war or an election.

She did not know exactly how the newspaper told Daddy what he might do. She once looked quite carefully at the copy which came to the house, but did not see any directions, even on the inside page, which Mother said Daddy had written. Sometimes Loveday thought of the paper as a kind of giant which kept Daddy working hard, and sometimes she thought it was like a megaphone which he used to make people think as he wished. But most of the time, she did not pay any attention to it. Only it would be trying if the newspaper would not let Daddy come to the island.

"You will truly come as soon as the paper lets you?" she asked, holding him tightly by the necktie.

"I truly will," he promised.

Loveday found that going to the island

meant bringing down trunks from the storeroom. Daddy brought them down, with slams and bangs which landed them in Mother's room. Then she found that it meant going shopping with Mother.

Loveday sat on a slippery leather seat while a clerk tried on stout rubber-soled shoes for her to wear on the island. She did not think them so pretty as her black ankle-ties, but Mother said that one needed rubber soles to walk on rocks, and she bought some for herself.

Mother also bought Loveday a warm blue coat and a broad-brimmed hat. That coat was a trial, for on a burning hot morning it does not seem possible that one can ever need such a thick coat.

Mother was sure she would want it at the island, so Loveday tried it on, and even let the clerk button it, to be sure it fitted.

After the shopping was done, she had to de-

cide which of her dolls should go with her. There were twenty-eight of them, and Mother did not think they could all go. Twenty-eight dolls was really too large a family to take East, especially for a parent who was just over the measles.

"I will take Mary Christine," decided Loveday, "because she has had measles, too, and she needs a change."

Mary Christine was a medium-sized child with brown hair and brown eyes like Loveday's, though the resemblance ended there, for Mary Christine's cheeks were pink and round, while Loveday's looked thin and white.

After much thought, Loveday decided to take Petite Marie. She was a small person about five inches high, with blue eyes and a curly yellow wig. Petite Marie owned fifty dresses, most of which Loveday made. It does not take much cloth nor much sewing to make

a dress for a five-inch child. And even fifty dresses would not take up much room in the trunk. It was settled that Petite Marie was to go East.

When Loveday was not looking, Mrs. Blair packed the parchesi board, a paint-box, some books and some paper-dolls for rainy or foggy days. Loveday herself packed the clothes for Mary Christine and Petite Marie. She did not forget Petite Marie's best dress, which was made of blue satin. There was a blue satin hat to match, trimmed with a white feather.

Each day was hotter than the one before, and the night when they were to start seemed hottest of all. Instead of having a cold bath and going to bed at half-past seven, Loveday went with Daddy and Mother to the crowded, noisy station so as to be ready when the east-bound train came through.

Quite soon it came. It stopped only five

minutes for people to get off and on, but it acted as though it did not want to stop even that long. Its engine panted impatiently all the time.

Daddy helped Mother and Loveday into a car which seemed all hot air and hot plush, kissed them both, and whispered a strange thing into Loveday's ear.

"Give my best wishes," said he, "to the Cavern King."

Loveday didn't know what he meant. Never before had he mentioned this person, but there was no time for any questions. The trainman called, "All aboard!" Daddy kissed them again, and rushed out. Loveday saw him waving his hat as the train started, and the next second he was gone and they were slipping through the big freight yards, among so many tracks that it seemed odd the engine knew which one to choose.

Oh, but it was terribly hot on that train! The poor people looked as though they really did not care what happened next, they were already so uncomfortable. Even electric fans made them no happier. The only cool-looking person was the colored porter, and he could have been hot without showing it. He went up and down the aisle, smiling as though it were a night just before Christmas. He smiled at Loveday and asked Mrs. Blair if he should make up their beds.

Mrs. Blair said he could do so, and she and Loveday moved across the aisle to where a fat, gray-haired lady was fanning herself. The lady began to talk to Mrs. Blair, but Loveday watched the porter.

That porter must have had experience in fairyland, he did such magical things. A touch, and the two seats became a bed; another touch, and the top of the car came down, showing

mattresses and pillows. Two thin boards slid in at the ends, curtains hung from the rods, and there was a little room just for Loveday and Mother. He made the bed with sheets which looked cool, though probably they were just as hot as everything else, and he laid a blanket across the foot. A blanket on such a night! Mother put it under the mattress at once.

Loveday was eager to go to bed, and Mother tucked her in, and then undressed herself. The berth had a cunning electric light, just for them, and when Mother put it out and rolled up the shades, air that seemed cooler and fresher came in through the screens. Loveday meant to stay awake and look out, but she didn't. The next she knew a hot yellow sun looked in at her and woke her.

Before the journey was over, Loveday was extremely tired of the train, and there was

nothing about it she liked, except the porter, whose name was Henry. Each hour seemed twice as long as usual.

But on the afternoon of the second day, the country was no longer flat and level, or rolling in long swells, and soon Loveday knew what hills were. And she saw evergreen trees growing wild, just where they wanted to sprout, not set orderly as the chief ornament of lawns.

Then it grew cooler. Very many more hills slipped by and the cities and little towns came closer together, and rocks grew out of the earth, the gray granite rocks of New England. Loveday had to plan all over again how the island was going to look.

Petite Marie had come in Mother's hand-bag, with six dresses to last her during the journey, but she wore only five. After Loveday saw steep hills simply covered with rocks

and hemlocks and spruces, she completely forgot Petite Marie.

It wasn't till the afternoon of the fourth day that the train left Mother and Loveday at a steamboat landing. The train was not the great east-bound one which brought them from home. They left that in Boston, and since then had twice changed cars. Loveday found herself on a wharf beside a little steamboat, gently puffing as though telling people it was ready to start. Men took baggage off the train, and presently it went away around a curve. There were no houses anywhere, only a shed for packages and freight, only the river and the steamer.

Loveday knew it to be a river because Mother said it was not the sea, but the air had a strange salty smell, and all around were firtrees which made another pleasant odor. Best of all, it was no longer hot.

Mrs. Blair saw her trunks brought to the steamer and then she and Loveday went on board. The boat was small, but clean as though it had a bath every morning—which it probably did—and with camp-chairs to sit on. People were already sitting on the chairs.

Before long they started. Such a lovely river! Fir-trees everywhere along the banks; rocks showing gray between the green; pretty cottages half hidden in the trees, and in a moment, there were gulls!

Loveday knew them at once, though they were more beautiful than she had dreamed, more strong and free and graceful than any birds she had ever seen. She almost twisted her head off trying to follow their flight.

"Will there be more at the island?" she asked Mother.

"Many more," said Mother, and Loveday drew a sigh of content.

Next, an astonishing thing happened. All at once the blue coat seemed attractive and desirable. Loveday even buttoned it, and then she said she was hungry.

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Mother, and she instantly produced an orange and some biscuit.

Every little while the boat stopped at a landing. Some were on the river banks and some on islands in midstream. Sometimes the steamer would only whistle loudly and a man would row out for mail or for packages. Sometimes people got off, but none got on.

By and by Mrs. Blair and Loveday were the only passengers left, and the captain came to speak to them.

"Going down to Whistling Rock?" he asked, and then he looked hard at Mother. "Aren't you the girl who married Jim Blair?"

he asked. "Jim Blair, whose folks used to live on Whistling Rock?"

"Yes," said Mother. "I thought perhaps you were Captain Decker. I'm glad to see you again. And this is our Loveday."

"Named for her great-grandma," said Captain Decker, taking Loveday's hand and looking at her kindly. "Looks sort of pindlin', but the island is just the place to set her up. Comin' up along to-day, I was thinkin' of Jim and wonderin' if he wasn't ever comin' back to the old home. Seems like I never knew a boy who set such store by a place as Jim did by the island. Never sold the house, did he?"

"No," said Mother. "We could not come back before, but this summer Loveday and I are going to live in the old house, and Jim will be with us later."

"You'll find folks mighty glad to see you," said Captain Decker. "They'll not count

Jim Blair's wife and child as off-islanders. I remember he brought you here the summer you were married. Well, you'll be just as welcome now."

All the rest of the way the captain kept coming at intervals to point out some place to Mrs. Blair or to ask her some question. When it grew windy and cold on deck, he invited them to come into the pilot-house.

It was after sunset before they reached Whistling Rock, but not so dark that Loveday could not recognize the things Daddy had so often told her about. There was the dock, with its swinging gangway, so that a boat could come in at any tide. There stood the fish-houses either side of the dock. Even the blue oil barrels he had described sat on the wharf.

Loveday let Captain Decker help her ashore and lift her into a Ford suburban which was there to meet them, but she was too tired

and too sleepy to notice more during a short ride.

She only knew that they were left at a low story-and-a-half cottage, tucked into a fold of the hillside just as Daddy said. Inside she found a supper and a bed, and that was the end of Loveday's journey.

CHAPTER THREE TELLS ABOUT THE COTTAGE

WHEN Loveday woke she couldn't think where she was. Gone was her light little room at home, with its pretty paper and white-painted furniture. Over her head was a discolored ceiling, so close that it seemed as though she could stretch up her hand and touch it. She was lying in a big wooden bedstead, and over her was pulled a cover made of bright bits of patchwork.

Those pieces of cloth were of all shapes and sizes, and Loveday sat up, the better to look at them. Then she looked at the room.

It was half as large as hers at home and the windows were half-size also. There were a washstand and two chairs and a bare floor,

painted green. Loveday looked at the open window and forgot that it was small or low. Through it shone the sea!

Last evening, all she saw of the ocean was a glimmer of silver where now lay a great sheet of blue. It wasn't a smooth sheet, but tossing and moving in ripples. And through that open window came the most wonderful smell.

It wasn't entirely salt, nor entirely piney, nor entirely cold, but all three at once, a crisp, spicy breath which made Loveday feel like getting straight out of bed. She hadn't felt like that for weeks. It smelt of rocks and sunshine and seaweed and trees and wild roses and suggested a great deal waiting for a little girl to enjoy. Loveday didn't stay in bed.

The wee bedroom opened from a larger room, still with a low ceiling, and this room held a stove and a table and some other furniture, and the door opened wide on a big round

stone step with bright flowers clustered on either side. On the step Mother stood talking with a little old lady in a gray gingham dress and an apron as white as her hair.

"Bless us!" said the little old lady, when Loveday, still in her nightie, came to Mother's side. "Here we are, and looking as fresh as a daisy. Well, honey, how do you like the morning?"

Mother put her sweater about Loveday, for the breeze was cool. "This is Grandma Penworthy," she said, smiling.

"Grandma to everybody on the island," said the little old lady. "By and by, Loveday, when you get dressed, you must come up to the Light and see me."

Loveday felt acquainted at once. Of course, Daddy had told her about Grandma Penworthy, whose son kept the lantern which showed the ships how to go. You went to the

"Bless us!" said the little old lady.—*Page 36.*

Light by the rough road up the hill behind the wharf. Or you could go through the woods if you knew where the path turned off. Loveday knew. It was the turn to the right after you crossed the brook by the stepping-stones. Daddy had showed her on the plan he drew of the island.

Loveday dressed and had her breakfast, and where do you think she ate it? Out on the big flat door-step, which Mother said had once been a millstone, used to grind grain into flour. The milk and toast and egg were on a tray and a bee came from the larkspurs to taste the egg. Loveday was interested that he seemed to like it and waited patiently till he flew away. It was strange, but eggs tasted quite differently in Maine.

Just as she finished, a visitor came, and Loveday wasn't quite sure what it was. In shape it seemed like a cat, but its fur was

perfectly white, long and fluffy, and its tail waved like the ostrich plume on Mother's best hat.

"Oh, Mother!" said Loveday. "Here is a cat that is not a cat. Mother, come and look at it."

Mother came, in a clean blue and white gingham dress, wearing her rubber-soled shoes, and with the sunshine making coppery lights on her hair.

"Oh, the beauty!" she said. "Loveday, that is a long-haired cat. Pretty thing, come here!

"They call them shags," Mother went on. "I had forgotten that in Maine there are shag cats and snug cats. Our pussy at home is a snug cat, with her fur close and tight to her body."

Loveday thought this a funny name. "Mother," she asked, "couldn't we have a

kitty while we are here? One with a feathery tail and a fat face like this one?"

"We'll see," said Mrs. Blair. "Perhaps somebody will lend us a shag kitten."

In front of the house, which, as Loveday now saw, was gray and unpainted, the meadow sloped to the water, and at only a little distance lay a sandy beach.

"I have to unpack," said Mrs. Blair, "but you may play on the beach, Loveday. Stay right in front of the house where I can see you. When things are a little settled, we will walk down to the store by the wharf and buy some groceries."

Loveday already wore the rubber-soled shoes, and she put on the broad-brimmed hat and went down to the water. The beach was in a bay made by two points of land, and on one point stood a large shingled cottage, looking very much more modern than the old Blair

house. People seemed to be living there, for chairs were on the piazza and a bathing-suit flapped on a line.

All along the edge of the water, the waves broke in little ripples, and there were quantities of small stones, gray, green, and brown, or striped. Loveday was busy selecting the prettiest pebbles to fill her shiny new pail when something shoved her gently in the back. She looked around and there was the biggest dog she had ever seen. Even though she stood up straight, his head would be almost on a level with hers.

Loveday was not fond of dogs. Once, when she was a very little girl, a puppy took a love-nip at her bare leg. He didn't mean to hurt her, and Loveday wasn't hurt, only frightened, but ever since she had felt bashful with dogs.

She gave a gasp of dismay and looked around but there wasn't a person in sight. If

she screamed, Mother would come running, but to call loudly might annoy the dog. He didn't look cross, and he was wagging his tail.

"Go away!" said Loveday. "Go home!"

The dog immediately turned away, and his tail sank and his ears fell. When she saw how unhappy he looked, Loveday felt sorry. He fairly drooped down the beach. Suddenly Loveday wasn't afraid of him.

"Come back," she called. "You may stay, only don't poke your nose into me again."

The dog turned and looked at her, and his tail went up and his ears came forward. Loveday laughed.

At that, the dog came bounding back, looking quite happy. He pranced around her, waving his tail, and when Loveday went on picking up stones, the dog walked beside her.

Next, a young man crossed to a boat drawn

up on the sand. He was dressed in a blue sweater and rough blue clothes and his face was as brown as his uncovered hair.

"Hello, sister!" he said as he passed. Loveday hardly noticed him, for behind, following at his heels, came the white cat that had visited her during breakfast. She wondered what the dog would do.

The dog did nothing at all. He was now lying on the sand with his head on his paws, and he did not move, only rolled his eyes to keep watch of the cat. The cat looked at him just once and went trotting rapidly after the young man.

"Please, is that your kitty?" Loveday called.

The young man looked over his shoulder but did not stop.

"Belongs up at the house," he answered. "He likes to go fishing with me."

Loveday dropped her pebbles and ran after them. "Does he go in the boat?" she asked.

"Likes nothing better," said the young man, now shoving the boat down to the water. "Hop in, Billy."

Billy jumped on a thwart and stepped to a seat with all the dignity of an experienced sailor.

"And is this your dog?" Loveday asked.

"No, that's Ransome's dog. He lives over in that cottage on the point. Comes only summers. His name is Pershing."

"He is very big," said Loveday, looking at Pershing, sauntering toward them with an air of not knowing there was a cat in the world. Billy spit at him and Pershing looked the other way.

"Big but good-natured," said the young man. "No fight in Pershing. Billy, here, makes him toe the mark every time."

"I like Billy much better," said Loveday.

The young man looked pleased. "Billy is the finest cat anywhere round," he said. "Last summer, a man, an off-islander, told Ma he'd give her fifty dollars for Billy, but we couldn't let him go. Billy wouldn't be happy in the city and it would be like selling one of the family."

"I think he is beautiful," said Loveday earnestly. "Do you know of any little kitties anywhere? One that I could borrow?"

"Heaps," said the young man. "Bushels of them. Grandma Penworthy, up at the Light—she's got five or six shags. Old Miss Barlow, down t'other end of the island, Herring Cove way—she had thirteen cats the last I knew, and probably there's a raft of kittens. 'Nough cats on Whistling Rock to chaw up the whole outfit."

By this time the boat was launched and the

young man dipped his oars. He did not sit, but stood looking in the direction the boat was going. In the prow sat Billy the Beautiful, ears twitching, eyes bent on the water, as though ready to plunge in at sight of a fish.

Loveday watched them around the point, and then turned back to her pebbles. Pershing had deserted her and was bounding down the beach to meet a little boy about her own age.

CHAPTER FOUR TELLS ABOUT TEDDY

THE little boy's name was Teddy Ransome and he came from New York every summer to stay in the cottage on the point. Like Loveday, he was just seven years old. He owned a pail and a shovel, too, and he took off his socks and sandals to wade in the water.

Loveday put one hand into the water. It felt chilly and Teddy said that it was cold. She thought she would wait another day before wading. So she dug a well and Teddy made a fort and then they discovered that both had had the measles. After that, they felt as though they had known each other a long time.

By and by a pretty lady with rather gray

So she dug a well and Teddy made a fort.—*Page 46.*

hair came down the beach and Teddy said she was his mother. She seemed much older than Loveday's mother, but her eyes had just the same kind of look. She spoke pleasantly to Loveday and Loveday stood up and made a little curtsy, just as Mother had taught her.

Mrs. Ransome seemed pleased that she did this. She asked Loveday her name and if she had come to stay in the gray cottage on the hillside.

Loveday found it easy to talk to Teddy's mother. She told her about the gray house, how it had belonged to Great-Grandpa Blair, and how much Daddy loved the island, and how, when he was a boy, he always spent his vacations there. Now, the house belonged to him, and when Daddy was too old and too tired to make the newspaper any longer, they were all coming to the island to live.

Mrs. Ransome said she would call on Love-

day's mother and that she was glad Teddy could have a little girl to play with. She had brought some graham crackers for Teddy's lunch. Did Loveday think Mother would let her eat some also?

Loveday was quite sure that she might eat graham crackers, and thanked Mrs. Ransome for the three she gave her. They tasted very good.

Up in the little gray cottage, Mrs. Blair was unpacking trunks and setting things in order. To unpack a trunk is far easier than putting things into it. Then, one has to make sure that shoes and books are tucked where they cannot move about and get on top of a white frock or a best hat. For, if this happens, the shoes are as good as ever, and the frock can be washed and ironed, but the hat is seldom the same.

Mrs. Blair was working quickly and singing as she whisked clothes into bureau and closet,

arranged books on a shelf beside the fireplace, and set Loveday's own blue-and-white bowl into a three-cornered closet beside the door. She finished by putting on the mantel the brass candlesticks and the vases brought on purpose to make the house seem like home.

"We must get some flowers," she thought, and just then Loveday came.

She was bubbling over with news about Teddy and Teddy's mother and Pershing and Billy. She was so gay and happy that at first she did not notice how Mother kept looking at her.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Is my face dirty?"

"It is," said Mother, "but that isn't what I was looking at. Is it sunburn, Loveday, or are your cheeks really getting pink again?"

Loveday didn't know and didn't think it important. Most of all, she wanted to find some

of the kittens which the young man said were numerous enough to eat the island. Teddy said that his name was Curtis Decker, and Teddy agreed that without doubt there would be kittens, though he thought a bushel was a good many to expect.

"Couldn't we go up to the Light?" Loveday begged.

"We must get some groceries first," said Mother. "Wash your face and we will go to the store. After dinner, you must lie down for an hour, and then, later in the afternoon, we will go up and see Grandma Penworthy and you may ask her about the kittens."

Loveday washed her face and didn't say a word about the nap. After all, it was not coming till dinner was over. Mother took a basket and they went down the winding road toward the wharf. On both sides were wild roses, pretty to look at and just as nice to smell. In

a swampy place grew quantities of wild iris. These were something like the garden flower, only smaller.

Not many houses stood on the way to the wharf, and the store was in a gray old building that once had been a shed. Inside, it was still gray, and rather dark, and it was unlike any store Loveday had ever seen.

Usually, when she went shopping with Mother, they ordered groceries in one store, and bought cloth in another, and dishes in a third place. Here were groceries and tin pans, and shoes, and harness, and candy, and fishing-lines and ropes, and flower-seeds all in one place and in a great mix-up. Loveday wondered how the man who kept the shop knew where things were.

He did know. He knew where to look for everything, and he also seemed to know Loveday and her mother. To her surprise, he gave

her a stick of peppermint candy from a tall glass jar.

Across from the store was another shed, looking festive because quantities of newly painted markers for lobster pots draped its front. They were shaped like huge tops. Some were bright blue, some were red, and some were orange. The blue ones hung in a cluster, and from a distance one might think them a large and unusual bunch of grapes. Inside the shed lay a confusion of ropes and tar-buckets and chains and anchors and oars. Loveday could have stood all day looking at the different things and wondering for what they were used.

In the harbor twenty or thirty boats swung at anchor. Some were dories, some sailing-boats, some motor-launches, and there were three dingy fishing-boats. Everywhere wheeled the gulls. All above the harbor the air was full

of them and their high, complaining voices. On the rocks beyond the wharf they sat in companies. Some were white, and some were gray, and others were touched with black.

While Loveday watched, a man on one of the fishing-boats emptied overboard a pan of garbage.

In one second the water was white with gulls. Some even dived completely into it. At the end of a minute, there wasn't a speck of garbage left and the gulls were rising to drift again down the harbor. Now that she saw them so close at hand, Loveday felt a little afraid of them. She did not like the way they looked at her, nor the cruel curve of their beaks. They were far prettier soaring at a distance against a white cloud, or in the high silence of the sky.

Mother finished her shopping and they went home again, up the hill past the low gray

houses, all with gay flowers about their doors. When they were nearly home, Mother and Loveday picked a quantity of wild roses to put in a glass bowl on the table.

Strange to say, when she had had dinner and wiped the dishes for Mother, Loveday felt more kindly toward the idea of a nap. Dinner tasted remarkably good, and the patchwork quilt looked inviting. Mother said she was going to lie down also, in her little room on the other side of the kitchen. They would have a race and see which went to sleep first.

Loveday didn't know which won. Once or twice she called to see whether Mother was yet asleep, and the last time Mother didn't answer, so then she didn't call again. The next she knew, the sunlight came through the window and touched her face.

Mother was up and had combed her hair and tied a pretty piece of narrow blue velvet about

it to keep it tidy in the wind. Loveday put on a fresh gingham frock and they started to see Grandma Penworthy and the lighthouse.

"May we go through the woods?" Loveday asked. "I know the way, Mother."

"Yes," said Mrs. Blair. "I think I could find the path, if you can't tell from Daddy's map, though I have never been here since the summer after we were married."

"Is that how you know all the people?" asked Loveday.

"They seem to remember me," agreed Mother. "But they knew Daddy much better, you see. And all the older people knew Grandpa and Grandma Blair."

They followed the brook path until they reached the stepping-stones by the big willow tree. There Loveday stopped to watch tiny fish darting among the stones. It was a nice place to play and Mother liked it, too. She said

that some day she would bring a book or her sewing while Loveday played with the brook, but that they would never get to the Light if they stopped longer.

So Loveday crossed the brook and looked for the turn to the right. She found it just where Daddy said it would be, and she and Mother went through tall spruces which made a sighing sound in their tops. Part of the way, the brook went with them and then the path turned up a hill.

They came quite suddenly on the Light, for the trees were thick to the very dooryard. When she came out of the woods, there it loomed right before Loveday, and beyond, just over the edge of a high cliff, the sea broke on jagged rocks. Great lazy rollers swirled half up the cliff, to fall back in soapy disorder.

Daddy had told her about the white house where Grandma Penworthy and her son

Hiram lived, and how the Light rose at one end of the house, towering above the trees and throwing its rays all around the island. At a little distance stood the fog-horn, its funnel looking very much like that of a gigantic victrola. Near it was another white cottage where the fog-horn keeper and his family lived.

In front of the lighthouse lay a flower-bed. Loveday saw this, and then she saw nothing else, for bouncing about among the nasturtiums and calendulas were two little woolly things that looked for all the world like tiny black bears.

CHAPTER FIVE TELLS ABOUT THE PEOPLE IN FUR

WHEN Grandma Penworthy and Mrs. Blair looked for Loveday a few moments later, she was sitting flat on the grassy slope before the lighthouse, kissing first one black kitten and then the other.

"Bless her heart," said Grandma. "She must have a fur baby to take home with her."

"Loveday," called Mrs. Blair, "did you hear what Grandma said?"

Had Loveday heard? Very gently she put down the fur children, and ran straight to Grandma Penworthy, holding up her face for a kiss. Then and there, Loveday accepted the little old lady of the Light as one of her best friends.

"These are the twins," said Grandma, "but you'll want to see Ginger and her babies—three yellow babies. And Buttercup has four little bits of ones."

"Nine kittens!" said Mrs. Blair. Loveday's eyes laughed back.

Ginger's family lived in the woodshed. Here two fat, furry yellow kittens were prancing about and a third cocking a bright eye around a log of wood. Buttercup's children lived in a comfortable box and were very tiny. Two of them were black-and-white and two were tigers.

Loveday clasped her hands as she looked at Ginger's family. All had eyes as round and as blue as blueberries. Then she looked back at the twins. Such a wealth of kittens to choose from!

"How would you like to take two?" asked Grandma. "They have such a good time play-

ing together that it seems a pity to separate them."

"*Could* you spare the twins?" asked Loveday eagerly. Those dear black bears were still her first love.

"Yes," said Grandma. "You may have them for all summer, Loveday, and when you go home, they can come back to the Light. I wasn't going to sell the twins. I like a black cat myself, but most of the off-islanders—the summer visitors—choose yellow ones."

"I didn't know people ever bought kitties," said Loveday.

"They buy shags," Grandma explained. "Often visitors from the other islands sail over to Whistling Rock and come up to see the Light. But I never sell my pussies to anybody who doesn't really love the people in fur. I always know by the way they handle them. Sometimes I have to tell folks they aren't for

sale. I want to keep the twins and it will be just as well to have them where the visitors don't see them."

"Have you named them, Grandma?" Loveday asked.

"No. I just call them the twins. You can name them anything you like. Do you think you could let them stay with their mother about a week longer? They drink milk pretty well now, but Shadow would miss them less if they didn't go till next week."

"Grandma will let you come up and play with them," said Mrs. Blair.

"May I come every day?" asked Loveday. "A week is a *very* long time."

"Every day," said Grandma. "And just as soon as they lap milk a little better you may take them home."

Loveday was surprised to hear that kittens have to learn to eat just as do children. Some

kittens have naturally untidy manners and when offered a saucer of milk, wade right into it, instead of staying properly outside the dish. Others get milk all over themselves and the floor. I have heard of children who did this.

Loveday came into Grandma's pleasant sitting-room but she brought the twins with her and all the time she was thinking what she should call them. Inside the house was a long corridor leading to the tower which held the lantern, and it was all red bricks and whitewash.

On the wall hung a framed placard marked "U. S. Naval Service." It was a notice to visitors that they might see the Light at hours convenient for the keeper, but that they must not touch the lantern nor any of its mechanism, and must do as the keeper told them.

Grandma said that some afternoon Hiram would show Loveday the lantern. Something

had gone wrong with the oil-pump the day before and both Hiram and his assistant had been up all night. Loveday was surprised to know that one or the other always sat up until morning with the Light. It was never left a moment after dark.

Mother took Loveday down a rough steep path to the rocks at the edge of the sea and showed her the great cleft where at half-tide the waves rushed in and out with the queer whistling sound that gave the island its name. The tide was too low for the rock to whistle its best, but Loveday heard it moaning softly in a deep, gruff, complaining voice, something like the whistling buoy Captain Decker had shown her from the steamer.

On the grass before the lighthouse the shadows grew long. In the distance the sea looked like the wings of a bluebird, but where it broke on the rocks below the Light, it turned

green and white. And the sound of its breaking was like wet thunder.

Mother sat flat on the grass, watching the sea, and Loveday looked too, when she could spare an eye from the antics of the twins.

"How *could* I stay away from it so long?" said Mother, half under her breath.

"I don't see how Jim Blair can stay away from it," said Grandma. "I never knew a boy who loved the sea as Jim did. How can he be happy on a prairie a thousand miles from blue water?"

"Daddy is coming just as soon as the newspaper lets him," said Loveday.

"Daddy had better let the newspaper take care of itself and come back where he belongs," said Grandma.

"When the shadow of the tower reaches the edge of the cliff, we must go home, Loveday," Mrs. Blair said.

The shadow had only about a yard to creep and it moved rather quickly. Loveday went and stood in it while it traveled the last foot. Then they said good-bye to Grandma and the twins and went back, this time by the rough, rocky road by which supplies were taken to the lighthouse.

"I have decided what to name the twins," announced Loveday, swinging Mother's hand as she skipped beside her. In the other hand Mrs. Blair carried a basket of strawberries from the lighthouse garden. "One I will call Bagheera, after the black panther Daddy reads me about in the Jungle Books. And the other I will call Bat."

"Why Bat?" asked her mother, rather amused at Loveday's choice.

"Bats are black and very quick. He is a quick kitten. Bagheera is slower," explained her little daughter. "Why, Mother, they are

quite different. I know them apart already. Bagheera has a fatter face and Bat a longer tail."

"When they come to live with us, I will measure their tails," said Mrs. Blair, laughing. "I thought they really were twins and just alike. Isn't it good of Grandma Penworthy to lend them to you?"

"Isn't it!" sighed Loveday. "And she is good to let me visit them every day till they come. If she hadn't said I could, I don't believe I *could* have waited, Mother. A week is *too* long. You won't need to come with me unless you want to see Grandma. I know the way alone."

"Yes, I shall feel safe to let you go by yourself," Mrs. Blair agreed. "Aren't you going to have a happy summer, with two kittens, and with Teddy for a playmate? Now, aren't you glad you had the measles?"

On Loveday's third visit to the lighthouse she had an adventure. After playing for an hour with Bat and Bagheera, she watched them lap milk with such neatness and skill that Grandma said they could certainly be taken home in three days, and finally she started back along the wood-path.

Every day on the island had dawned clear and bright and crisp. Each morning the sun rose smiling and set as pleasantly. Even at noon he did not make people too hot. One could hardly believe that same sun shone down on the burning plains where every night the stifling green-plush train came through to take people to the East and to the sea.

Loveday crossed the brook and didn't stop to play with the fish. She ran along the path to where it split into three. One went home, one went to the cliffs above Herring Cove, and one went to Eagle Head. On a rock

right where the path divided sat a young man.

As soon as she saw him, Loveday stopped. She had never met any one in the woods before. He wore knickerbockers and belted coat of a rather light grayish-green cloth. His ribbed stockings matched his clothes. From the side of his face and the way his hair stuck up untidily all over his head, Loveday knew that he was young.

There was plenty of room to pass, so she went on walking demurely down the path, a quaint little figure in a blue-and-white checked dress. Just then an astonishing thing happened.

Out of somewhere came the most terrible sound Loveday had ever heard. She didn't know there could *be* such a sound in the world. It filled the air, it filled the island, it spilled over the edges and rolled out over the sea. It

soaked into the earth under her feet and into the sunshine over her head. It silenced every bird and insect. All the happy little murmurs in the spruces were drowned in the uproar. It sounded as though a cow as big as all outdoors was very angry about something and wanted everybody to know.

Loveday was frightened. First she shivered and then she crouched to the ground. It came again, in great drowning waves of sound.

Loveday didn't know the young man sitting on the rock; she had never seen him before, but he was a present refuge in this time of trouble. Faster than she had known she could run, she flew down that path and flung both arms about his neck.

CHAPTER SIX TELLS ABOUT CHRISTOPHER

THE young man to whom Loveday fled in her dismay did not seem to hear the terrible sound which filled the world. He sat on the rock, chewing a piece of evergreen and watching some ants run about on the path. When Loveday grabbed him, she almost upset both him and herself into the low hemlocks. After waving both feet wildly he finally caught his balance. Then he looked at Loveday, still clutching him.

"See here, young lady," he said pleasantly, "I understand love at first sight, and I know I look like the hero of a maiden's dream, but have a heart! Don't kiss my sunburned nose!"

"I wasn't going to kiss you," said Loveday

indignantly. "Oh, there it is again! What *is* that dreadful noise? Oh, what is it, what is it? Is it coming here?"

In her fright, Loveday hid her face on his shoulder.

"Why, you poor little scrap!" said the pleasant voice, and a comforting arm came around her. "Don't be scared. The Angel Gabriel isn't blowing his trumpet, nor do fat bulls of Bashan surround you—it's only the fog-horn!"

Standing primly beside Mother in church, Loveday might on occasion have heard the choir deal, in a passing psalm, with fat bulls of Bashan, but she knew nothing of Gabriel's trumpet. Hastily, she passed over both.

"The fog-horn?" she gasped. "But there isn't any fog!"

"No more there is," said the young man promptly. "But it is the horn just the same."

Loveday lifted her head. "Then, why is it blowing?" she asked, looking into a pair of smiling blue eyes.

"If we could see the harbor, I think we should find that the lighthouse tender is in. The Government inspector has probably gone up to see if the lantern is working properly, and has tested the horn also. There it is again."

Now that she knew what it was, Loveday stood straight and listened while the horn again echoed three times.

"I don't think I like to hear it," she said doubtfully.

"Wait till you hear it night and day for two weeks. Last summer it bellowed that long without stopping. It drank so much gasoline that they had to send an extra steamer to bring more. Terrible drinker, that horn!

"There's another bad thing about it," he

went on gravely. "It blows at the exact pitch the island mosquitoes sing. You wake in the night and you can't tell whether a mosquito is buzzing in your ear or whether the fog-horn has broken loose."

Loveday looked at him seriously. "That would be a very big mosquito," she said.

"They *are* very big," agreed the young man. Something about his face seemed familiar and all at once Loveday knew who he was.

"Aren't you Teddy's grown-up brother?" she asked.

The young man made her a bow. "Complimented, I'm sure. I've just been talking with my father and he doesn't seem to think I *am* grown-up. Christopher Ransome, at your service, Madam."

"Teddy told me you were coming," said Loveday. "I hope," she added politely, "I didn't hurt your sunburned nose, Mr. ——"

"Oh, make it Chris!" said the young man, gingerly touching his nose. "You wouldn't believe, would you," he went on, "that I put nine different things on my nose last night, and none of them did it any good?"

"Perhaps only one would have been better," said Loveday soberly.

"I think so, too," said Chris. "The ninth state of my nose was certainly worse than the first. Don't you want to come out in the open and see whether the Government boat is in the harbor?"

Loveday said she did and they went along the shady path to the meadow above Herring Cove. Yes, in the harbor, among the familiar fishing-smacks, lay a strange steamer.

"There she is," said Christopher. "That explains the fog-horn. See the men unloading barrels of oil to carry up to the lighthouse?"

Side by side they sat under a convenient

evergreen and Christopher explained how the lighthouse tender traveled around the Maine coast, carrying oil, gasoline, and other supplies to keep the lights burning and the fog-horns in condition to blow. They watched the crew busily loading barrels into large dories to take ashore. On the hill the horn was silent.

Just as Christopher finished telling about the tender, a panama hat showed among the rocks at the foot of the slope. In a moment a gentleman appeared, carrying glasses through which he looked at the surrounding trees.

At sight of him, Christopher promptly rolled backward off the rock into a hollow behind.

" It is my father," he explained to Loveday, peering after him with astonished eyes. " He is looking for birds."

" Yes," said Loveday. " I've seen him hunting for them. Teddy says he knows the name of every bird that comes to the island."

"Worse than that," said Christopher, sitting at the bottom of the hollow and eating sweet-fern seeds. "He knows a perfectly *improper* amount about them. If you ask, he will tell you that there are four wall-eyed vireos on the island, and five sore-throated green warblers, and six brick-headed finches, and seven night-blooming grosbeaks."

Christopher stopped, either for breath, or because he could not think of any more mistakes to make in the names of the birds.

"I don't see how he keeps count of them," said Loveday, much impressed.

"No more do I," said Chris. "To hear him talk, you would think he has a police system like that they used to have in Russia, and makes each bird report to him on coming to the island and on leaving it. I don't think it is respectable to be on such intimate terms with birds."

"Is birds what he does at home?" asked Loveday. "Talk about them, I mean?"

"No," said Christopher with a sort of groan. "Nothing so informal. He is rector of a big church in New York City. Is he coming this way?"

"He has stopped to look at another bird," said Loveday.

"Tell him it is only an ordinary little round one with feathers," said Christopher.

"They *all* have feathers," began Loveday but stopped. Christopher was lying flat in the grass with face hidden and shoulders shaking. Loveday didn't like to be laughed at and she didn't think she had said anything funny.

"I don't think you *are* a grown-up person," she remarked indignantly. "You are nothing but a big boy."

Then she went away and never knew that

behind her in the hollow, Christopher laughed harder than ever.

The next time Loveday saw Christopher, he crossed the beach where she and Teddy were playing. Without a word, he threw two apples toward them and went on, eating a third. Loveday looked at the apples and then at Chris, who wore a bathing-suit, but she did not move to pick up his gift.

Teddy picked them up, gave her one, which really was the larger of the two, and then to Loveday's surprise, dropped his own apple, and with heart-rending howls ran after his brother.

Christopher was about to plunge into the harbor to swim out to his anchored boat, but hearing Teddy's yells, he stopped and sat on the edge of a dory. Teddy did not cease screaming till he had his brother by the hand. Loveday could not hear what Chris said, be-

tween large mouthfuls of apple, but presently Teddy came quietly back, though with eyes yet full of tears.

"What is the matter?" asked Loveday, running to meet him. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"N-no," said Teddy, still looking anxiously after Chris, who was now swimming out to his boat. His wet black head looked like a ball bobbing on the water, and one arm after the other flashed above it with perfect regularity.

"It is only Chris!" sighed Teddy, picking up his apple and sitting down to play. "After breakfast I asked what he was going to do this morning and he said he was going out in his knockabout and try to drown himself. He has just promised that he won't do it to-day."

Loveday looked sober. "Why did he say that?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Teddy. "I don't know what *is* the matter with Chris this sum-

mer. He won't go to bed at night and he won't get up in the morning and he *never* comes to breakfast on time, and he calls all Father's dear birds by wrong names, and he says there is nothing doing on the island, and he doesn't like it any more."

Nothing to do on the island! Loveday looked at the beach and the sea and the hillside, and thought of the flowers and of all the kittens at the Light. Then and there she gave up trying to understand Christopher.

CHAPTER SEVEN TELLS HOW THE TWINS CAME

THE next Tuesday Bat and Bagheera came to the gray cottage. Teddy and Loveday took them home in a small, covered market-basket. The top hooked down tightly.

Loveday thought they would be frightened on the journey, but Grandma Penworthy planned so they were not. That morning, she kept the twins in the lighthouse sitting-room. For a time, they played like mad little whirlwinds and then they went to rest, completely tired out, in a furry heap under the table. When they were sound asleep, Grandma put them into the basket so gently that they never knew they were moved. Loveday found them

curled in the bottom, so twisted into each other that she could not tell which tail belonged to which. All she had to do was to fasten the cover carefully.

Usually, when they visited the Light, the children went and came by the wood-path but to-day they left by the road, so as to get the twins home before they woke. Half-way down the hill they saw some people toiling up to the lighthouse.

"They came from the mainland in a motor-launch," said Teddy. "I was on the wharf and saw them come ashore. I don't like them."

"Why not?" asked Loveday.

"They threw orange-peel and paper and egg-shells along the path," said Teddy. "Nice people never do that. They asked Curtis Decker to drive them around the island. I hoped his Ford would tip them out, but it didn't, for here they are."

"Perhaps nobody ever showed them how to bury orange-peel and egg-shells," said Loveday.

"They are big enough to know how themselves," said Teddy, who was carrying the kittens. "Do you know what Chris calls that funny-colored car Curtis has? He has named it the 'Yellow Peril.'"

"I was scared when Curtis took Mother and me up to the cottage in it. I don't think he drives it very well. Teddy, it is time I took the twins."

"Wait till we pass these people," said Teddy. "Then I'll give you the basket."

Up the hill came the visitors, two ladies and two men, all fat, all hot, and all out of breath.

"Is this the way to the lighthouse, Bub?" asked the fattest man.

"It is," said Teddy, scowling at him. He let no one but Christopher call him that.

"Has the lighthouse-keeper any long-haired kittens for sale?" asked one of the ladies.

"There are some kittens but I don't think they are for sale," said Teddy fiercely as he tried to edge past the party which seemed to fill the whole road. He was sure that Grandma Penworthy would not let them have her kittens. People who threw orange-peel about an island were not fit to own shag pussies.

"Are there any black ones?" asked the lady. "I've been looking everywhere for an all-black kitten. I want one so much that if I saw one I think I'd steal it."

When she heard that, Loveday snatched the basket from Teddy. She set off down the hill as fast as she ran from the sound of the foghorn. No matter if she shook Bat and Bagheera into fits or into jelly. Danger threatened, and she alone could save.

Neither did Teddy delay, but before he

Danger threatened and she alone could save.—*Page 84.*

escaped he had to answer one more question.

"What have you in your basket?" the lady asked. She meant only to be friendly and she would not have taken the kittens, though she did throw papers and the remnants of her lunch into the wild rose hedge.

"There is a black bat in it," said Teddy, running frantically after Loveday. Just at the curve, he stopped and looked back.

"*And* a black panther!" he yelled. Then he ran for his life.

Teddy overtook Loveday but they did not stop running till both had pains in their sides and no breath to speak of. They rushed into Loveday's house, quite startling Mrs. Blair.

"Little geese," she laughed when they told her about it. "She wouldn't have taken the kittens."

"She *said* she would, Mother!" said Love-

day, who looked pale. "I didn't want her even to see them. They must stay in the house till she goes. Teddy, you must watch and tell me when they leave the island. I shall keep Bat and Bagheera shut in my room till you see the motor-launch go."

"I will, Loveday," said Teddy earnestly. "I'll hide in the alders by the end of the road and see whether Grandma lets them have a cat. And I'll tell Mrs. Decker to shut up Billy the Beautiful. That woman might steal him."

Full of importance, Teddy went off to play he was an Indian watching a trail. Loveday climbed into Mother's lap. The twins were yet asleep even after her run down the hill. It was pleasant to lie in Mother's arms and feel the rocker sway to and fro.

She must have taken a little nap for when she opened her eyes Teddy was sitting on the

floor, watching the twins play with some small pebbles from his pocket.

"Those people have left," said Teddy, as soon as he saw that Loveday was awake. "I saw them go. Grandma did not let them have any kittens and they were too fat to climb the tower. They said it smelled of kerosene."

"It does," said Loveday.

"They told Curtis Decker that they liked where they were staying at Arrowhead Point better than here."

"I'm glad of it," said Loveday. "Then they won't come to the island again."

"Chris was at the wharf," said Teddy. "He had nothing on but that faded old bathing-suit and a ragged pair of sneakers. His toes stuck out of them. And he was *very* dirty because he and Curtis had been calking a boat. The stealing lady asked him what he did for

a living on the island and Chris told her a big fib."

"What did he tell her?" asked Loveday.

"He said he had a job boiling cod-tails to make into whale-oil soap," replied Teddy with shocked eyes. "And to prove it, he showed her a bucket full of fish-tails."

CHAPTER EIGHT TELLS ABOUT THE LIGHT

THOUGH she had been two weeks on the island, Loveday had not seen the Light when it was shining. At the end of a long day of play with Teddy and the twins, she was too sleepy to stay awake.

When she went to bed, Loveday looked at the Light and saw that the yellow curtains were drawn aside. They were there, she knew, to protect the lens of the lantern from the sun.

At dark, Hiram drew the curtains and lighted the wicks, and Loveday saw the Light shining faintly and then a little brighter as the lantern revolved. But she had never seen its beams wheel over the island, touching the ships in the distance and then swinging inland

to sweep across the little drowsy cottages. Daddy had told her just how the Light kept watch all night.

Mother had seen the beams, and she told Loveday that when she woke in the dark, she saw the ray sweep right across their own house.

"I sleep all night," said Loveday. "I want to see the beams. Mother, the next time you see them, won't you come and wake me?"

"Perhaps I will," said Mrs. Blair.

One night, Mother did wake Loveday to see the beams. She came into Loveday's room and put her arms about her.

Loveday was wide awake in an instant. She slipped on her warm wrapper and her moccasins, and while she was doing it, the room grew suddenly light for a few seconds. It was as though for a brief instant a moon looked in. She and Mother went to the window.

"It is unusually lovely to-night," said

Mother. "It is different from any time I have seen it."

Up on the hill the Light shone brightly and from the lantern, streaming into the air, were three rays, bright and clear. Mother said there was a fourth ray, which they could not see because it shone on the other side of the tower. The rays were so big and broad that the spaces between looked as though they, too, were rays, only made of black velvet.

"Now, look away from the Light," said Mother. "See the beams sweep across the mist above the island."

Loveday had never seen anything like this. The rays moved in long level lines, making the mist all shiny. Over on Eagle Head stood the one hotel on the island. The ray swept its face, making every window glow. For a second they could see the hotel plainly and then it vanished.

"It is like Daddy's lighthouse poem," said Loveday.

Mother knew what she meant, how "the coastwise lights of England watch the ships of England go." Daddy often read that poem to Loveday and told her how up and down the coast of the United States the lighthouses shine to welcome the ships and steamers just as do those on the English shore. Loveday had always liked the poem but suddenly she understood it much better.

"Say it, Mother," she begged,—"about the man steering the ship."

"'I bridge across the dark and bid the helmsman have a care,
The flash that, wheeling inland, wakes his sleeping wife to prayer.'"

"Yes," said Loveday when Mother had recited the two lines, "it goes out and speaks to the ships and then comes in to the houses."

"And if Daddy were out there in the dark, steering a ship, he would see the ray and think how it was touching our cottage, wouldn't he?" asked Mother. "And we would wake and pray that he might be kept safe from storms and rocks."

"We would," said Loveday. "Oh, I *like* the Light, Mother, but I hope the fog-horn will never blow while I am here."

"If there is a fog, we shall want it to blow so the ships will know how to keep off the reefs," said Mother.

Then she tucked Loveday into bed and told her to go to sleep.

Loveday wasn't sleepy. After a time she called to Mother and asked if she were asleep.

"No," said Mrs. Blair.

"Mother," said Loveday after a moment, "if you feel lonesome, I will come in there with you."

"Do *you* feel lonesome?" asked Mother, and her voice sounded as though she were laughing.

"I thought perhaps you might be," said Loveday.

"Come, if you want to," said Mrs. Blair.

So Loveday got into bed with Mother, and she was glad that she did, for when she woke, the white mist had become a damp, clammy blanket which filled the air. And the fog-horn was blowing.

It did not sound so loud and so dreadful as when Loveday first heard it, but perhaps that was because now was a proper time for it to blow. One expected it during a fog, but not on a pleasant day.

"Mother," said Loveday after a moment, "are there *two* horns? One that sounds near and another far away?"

Mrs. Blair listened. "It is a steamer an-

swering the horn," she said. "Isn't that interesting? The steamer is saying, 'Where are you? Tell me how to steer.' And the fog-horn says, 'Here I am—just keep away!'"

"And what happens then?" asked Loveday eagerly.

"Oh, the steamer keeps on blowing and the fog-horn answers till the steamer gets where the sound of the horn is faint. Then it knows it has passed the dangerous rocks. Very likely, when it is as far as that, it hears the bell at Arrowhead Point, and then it talks to the bell for a time. And when there is more than one steamer about, each keeps whistling, not only to the island, but to let the other boats know where she is."

Loveday was much interested. She concluded that the fog-horn was a rather nice neighbor. In its own way, it was doing as

much good as the lighthouse. Perhaps it did more, for the lighthouse worked only at night, and the fog-horn had to watch both in darkness and in day.

Then it began to rain and the sound of drops on the cottage roof deadened the voice of the horn. The world was cold and damp and the fire in the kitchen stove seemed cosy and pleasant. Bat and Bagheera woke and had their breakfast, each from his own saucer. It was the only way to manage, because Bat ate shockingly fast and took more than his share if they ate from the same dish.

Loveday helped Mother set the house in order and then Mother made cookies. Loveday stood on a box, and when the dough was rolled thin and smooth, she cut out all the cookies with a tin shaped like a heart. It came from Grandma Blair's kitchen closet.

The house was filled with a nice spicy, cooky

smell, when a tall figure passed the window and somebody knocked at their door.

It was Christopher, dressed in a sou'wester and oilskins, as the fishermen call their waterproof clothes. He spoke to Mrs. Blair and just as politely to Loveday and took a package from under his coat.

"It's such a rainy day that Mother thought you might like this new book to read," he said.

"How kind of Mrs. Ransome!" said Mrs. Blair. "I'm very glad to have it. Thank you for bringing it, Christopher. Could you eat some cookies?"

Christopher felt quite able to eat cookies, but he would not come in because his clothes were so wet. He went away with a handful of hearts and Mrs. Blair peeped into the book at once. She stood in the middle of the floor looking at it, and she stood there so long that Bat

concluded she had become a piece of furniture. He flew at her and tried to climb her ankle.

"Oh, take him off, Loveday!" said Mrs. Blair. "What a tiny kitten to have such prickers!"

"I am afraid he is not a polite kitty," said Loveday. "Did you hear him spit at Christopher? Bagheera looked very pleasant, but Bat ran into a corner and swelled himself up and spit most rudely."

When the cookies were all baked and put away, Mrs. Blair sat down to read. Loveday looked over her shoulder and saw no pictures and that the lines of print were close together.

She got a spool and a piece of string and played with the kittens. They chased it and growled and hid behind chairs and bounced out at each other. Once, Bagheera, with his legs perfectly stiff, danced sideways across the

floor to pounce on Bat. Loveday laughed till she was tired.

The kittens grew tired also. Before long they dropped just where they were and went to sleep. Loveday picked them up and put them into Mother's lap for a nap. They lay in a tight black bunch in the hollow of her pink dress. It was very becoming to them.

Loveday brought Mary Christine and Petite Marie. Both had been shamefully neglected because she had been so busy with Teddy and the twins. Petite Marie had actually worn the same dress for an entire week. Loveday played with them all the rest of the morning. It rained even harder and the fog-horn blew steadily.

After dinner, Mrs. Blair went back to her book. Loveday was rather tired of the dolls, and the kittens were still sleepy. She tried to

wake them and make them play but they did not feel like it.

"They are just babies," said Mother, "and need a great deal of sleep. I'd let them have their nap out. How many closets do you see in this room?"

Loveday looked around in surprise. What a funny question for Mother to ask!

Under the kitchen sink was one where kettles hid from sight, and in two corners were built triangular dish-closets.

"Three," said Loveday.

"I see another," said Mother. "See whether you can find it."

Loveday looked in turn at each of the room's four walls. She twice walked around the kitchen and then she found it.

The room had old-fashioned wall-paper covered with flowers. The door of the closet was papered just like the walls, and she could

hardly see the crack where it opened. It was fastened by a wooden button and that was how she found it, for she saw the button and wondered why one was stuck in the middle of the wall-paper. Then she spied the crack.

"I see it, Mother!" she exclaimed.

"Turn the button and open the door," said Mother, looking up with a smile from her book.

CHAPTER NINE TELLS ABOUT THE PLAY-CUPBOARD

LOVEDAY turned the button and opened the door. Then she stood quite still, looking into the closet.

"It is somebody's play-cupboard," she said, turning to her mother. "What little girl had these things?"

"Dearie, I don't know," said Mrs. Blair. "I haven't thought to ask Grandma Penworthy. But some of them belonged to a little boy."

First, Loveday took from the cupboard a table. It was made of black walnut and had drop-leaves. Some one had taken great pains to finish its legs so neatly and to wax its top.

Mary Christine could sit at it nicely, but Petite Marie would not be comfortable without a cushion in her chair.

Were there any chairs belonging to the table? Loveday peered anxiously into the closet. There stood two, also of walnut, beautifully carved and finished. She immediately opened the table-leaves and set her children in the chairs.

Then she found something that belonged to the little boy and she knew at once what little boy. Behind the table and the chairs a toy ship leaned against the back of the closet. It looked as though the same person who made the dolls' furniture had whittled the ship, so neatly was it done. The boat was a schooner with a mainsail and a foresail and a jib, and little ropes that ran through tiny pulleys would really raise and lower the sails. It had a deck and a cabin and an anchor, and the

steering-wheel actually turned. And the name of the schooner was the *James Blair!*

Loveday fairly danced. "It is Daddy's boat!" she cried.

"I think Grandpa Blair must have made it for him," said Mother. "Be very careful of it, won't you, Loveday? It seems as though Daddy must care a little about it even now."

Loveday said she would be careful. After a while she put the ship back on the closet floor and looked on the next shelf.

In front was a round board with a grooved edge and curious little depressions over its surface. On it lay a small blue gingham bag full of bright glass marbles.

"It is some kind of game," Loveday decided. "This was Daddy's, too."

Below the marble board stood a square wooden box, quite a large box, and when Loveday lifted the lid she gave a scream of joy.

Having found a table, one might expect dishes, but Loveday had never seen dishes like those in the box, nor, for that matter, had Mother.

They were not china nor metal like the dishes most little girls find on a Christmas tree, but made of wood. Wooden dishes *sound* like a kitchen, but these were fit for the dining-room of a doll-palace. They were beautifully made of thin wood, and on each was painted in bright colors a pretty wreath of tiny flowers.

Loveday set them in piles. Everything came in sixes and there were two sizes of plates, coffee-cups and teacups, saucers, platters, and pretty little goblets on high standards. There were a teapot, a coffee-pot, a sugar-bowl, and three pitchers of different sizes. In the bottom of the box Loveday found knives and forks and spoons, also wooden, and just as nicely made.

"They are the prettiest dishes I ever saw," she told Mother and Mother herself thought the same.

"Now, I need a table-cloth," said Loveday.

"Take a clean handkerchief," said Mother, not looking up from her book.

The handkerchief exactly fitted, and Loveday laid the table with as much care as did Mother when guests came for luncheon.

"There are no napkins," she said in a few moments.

"We use paper ones ourselves," said Mother.

Loveday ran for a paper napkin. It was a pretty one with a wild-rose pattern. She took the scissors and cut it into the right size for dolls.

Just then came a rattle at the door and Teddy appeared. Like Christopher he wore a

slicker and a sou'wester, only both were very much smaller.

"I have come to play with Loveday," he said. "Mother thought it would be too wet for her to go out, so I came here. I don't mind the rain and I didn't get wet."

"We are glad to see you, Teddy," said Mrs. Blair, and Loveday ran to meet him.

Teddy put his wet things down by the door. First he looked at the twins again sleeping in Mrs. Blair's lap. He touched them gently and laid his cheek on their fur.

"What have you been doing all this wet morning?" asked Mrs. Blair.

"I have been making a bird-house," said Teddy. "It is nearly done. I did everything but saw the boards. Chris did that for me but I measured where I wanted him to cut. It is nailed together and ready to paint. It has a tarred-paper roof and

a piazza for the birds to sit on pleasant evenings. When it is finished, we will put it in a tree and invite some bluebirds to live there."

"It sounds nice," said Loveday. "When I try to pound nails I always hammer my fingers."

"I used to," said Teddy, "but I never do now. I have a saw and a hammer and a screw-driver, and Father bought me a vise to hold things tight when I am working. I have some nails and some boards to use for making anything I like."

Teddy went to look at the table and the dishes and the dolls.

"Will you be the father?" asked Loveday, "and have Mary Christine and Petite Marie for our children?"

"I will play that for a little while," said Teddy, "but if I am going to be a father, I must have a carving-knife."

"Here it is," said Loveday, "and the big fork, too."

She and Teddy sat down at the table, and Teddy carved an apple served on the largest platter, and called it a turkey. Mrs. Blair gave them raisins for potatoes and a cooky for a mince-pie.

Then Teddy saw the little ship, and spent a long time looking at it. He handled it carefully and examined every pulley and rope.

"I wish I could make one," he said. "But I think it would be very hard. I can't whittle as well as I can hammer and screw things. Perhaps Hiram Penworthy could show me how. He whittles spoons and boxes up at the Light."

"Perhaps he would make you a ship," said Loveday.

"I would like to make it myself," said Teddy. "I only want Hiram to tell me how."

Then they looked at the marble board and found the directions for playing the game pasted on its back. Part they read for themselves and Mrs. Blair read the rest to them. The game was something like checkers and the marbles were moved from one hole to another. They played four games and each won two.

"Let's stop," said Teddy. "I think it is nice to leave things when they are alike for both people."

Loveday thought so, too, so they put up the game and then Teddy said he must go home. He sat down on the floor and took off his sneakers and put on his rubber boots. Then he got into his coat and put the sneakers into a pocket. His sou'wester came down so far on his head that one could hardly see his face. Not a drop of water could get in.

"I have had a nice afternoon," he said to Loveday's mother.

" So have we," said Mrs. Blair. " Tell your mother that I have enjoyed both her book and your visit."

When Teddy opened the outside door to go, the wind blew it farther open than he expected and Bat dashed right out into the wet world. Loveday screamed and grabbed Bagheera just in time to prevent his flying after Bat.

" I'll catch him," said Teddy, and he did so quickly, for Bat was so astonished to find so much water under his feet and over his head that he let Teddy pick him up after only one rush under a dripping stalk of larkspur.

Though Teddy handed Bat to Loveday just as soon as he could, Bat's woolly coat was quite wet.

Loveday thanked Teddy and told Bat what a bad child she thought him, but Bat dabbed a moist paw at her cheek, and that was all he cared.

"Hasn't it been a nice rainy day?" asked Mrs. Blair when Loveday was going to bed. Loveday could dress and undress without any help, but Mother liked to unfasten buttons and tuck her in at the last, and Loveday liked to have her.

"I have had a beautiful time," she said. "There isn't anything about the island that I don't like."

"Not even the fog-horn?" asked Mrs. Blair.

"No," said Loveday. "I like the fog-horn now."

CHAPTER TEN TELLS HOW THE TWINS WERE LOST

SO far as Loveday knew, the lady who wanted a black kitten enough to steal one never came back to the island, but all the same, Bat and Bagheera were stolen, and if you think for an hour, you can never guess who took them.

It happened one day when Mother and Loveday and Teddy went on a picnic and left the twins shut up in the kitchen of the gray house.

They carried their lunch in baskets, and the baskets were to come home filled with wild strawberries. Over near Eagle Head the berries grew thick and large. Teddy's mother

meant to go on the picnic but just as they were to start, some friends came in a launch from Arrowhead Point and Mrs. Ransome had to stay behind. It was a picnic of three persons.

They found enough berries to fill all the baskets. Teddy and Loveday picked them as one would pick daisies, for they grew on long stems among the thin grass. At first, the children tried pulling the berries from their stems.

"These berries break very easily," said Loveday with a sigh, as she looked at her stained fingers. "Do you mind, Mother, if we let you take off *all* their green hats?"

Mrs. Blair said she did not mind at all, so Teddy and Loveday picked bunches of berries and took them to her to finish. One basket of fruit was for Teddy to take home; one for Mother and Loveday to eat, and one Mrs. Blair was going to make into jam, so that back

in their inland home, they could eat it next winter and think of the island and of Eagle Head.

After the baskets were filled and luncheon was eaten, Teddy and Loveday each took a little nap, lying in the soft dry grass overlooking the sea. Mother had a book which she did not even open. She watched the surf roll in and break, fall back, and roll in again. No two waves were ever the same.

Teddy woke first and began to talk and that woke Loveday. They went down near the water. Mrs. Blair came with them and they all paddled in the pools among the rocks. Everywhere on the reefs were little white lumps which Teddy said were barnacles.

"I will show you how to make them open," he explained to Loveday. "I will make them think I am the tide coming in."

Scooping some water in his palm, Teddy

dashed it against the little dome-shaped barnacles. After he had done this a few times, they began to open and show feathery plumes at the top of the dome.

"Those are his feelers. That is the barnacle himself," said Teddy. "The white part is his stone house. You see I have fooled him and made him open his front door."

Loveday had never seen barnacles before, and she and Teddy spent a long time throwing water on them. They made every barnacle in one pool open its door and show its feathery feelers. When they grew tired of pouring on the sea water, the barnacles again shut tight. They understood that the tide had not come to stay and it was of no use for them to put out their feelers for bits of food.

Then the children sat by Mrs. Blair to watch the waves come in. The sea was rough enough so that the tops were capped with white. Each,

when it broke, reared in a curve like a horse with tossing mane.

"Some are like ponies," said Teddy; "and others are like big horses."

"Tell us the poem about them, Mother," begged Loveday, "the one Daddy says when we talk about the island. Teddy doesn't know it."

Mrs. Blair recited the sea-horse poem. Neither Loveday nor Teddy understood all it meant, but both liked the music of its words so much that they asked her to say part of it again.

"Where run your colts at pasture?
  Where hide your mares to breed?
'Mid bergs about the Ice-cap
  Or wove Sargasso weed;
By chartless reef and channel
  Or crafty coastwise bars,
But most the ocean meadows
  All purple to the stars.

"Afar, off-shore and single,
  Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
  And calls us to the drift:
Then down the cloven ridges—
  A million hooves unshod—
Break forth the mad White Horses
  To seek their meat from God!

"Girth-deep in hissing water
  Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramplings
  Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
  Ere yet the deep is stirred,
The groaning rollers carry
  The coming of the herd!"

"Is it printed in a book?" asked Teddy.

"It is in a book," said Mrs. Blair, "and it is called 'White Horses.' Your mother will read it to you, Teddy. And now, I think we ought to be going home."

"I think so, too," said Loveday. "Bat and Bagheera will grow tired of being alone."

The basket of berries for jam was larger

than the others so Mrs. Blair took that, and the children each carried a small one.

"We mustn't tumble," said Teddy. "It is very hard to pick up spilled wild strawberries. I know, because last summer I fell down on top of a basketful."

When they came near the Blair cottage, the children hurried to let out the twins. The door was not locked. Nobody on Whistling Rock ever locked a house-door.

Loveday did not see the twins in their cosy box bed. The saucers of milk left for their dinner were not only empty, but licked dry, so they had not been hungry But where were Bat and Bagheera?

When they were tired with play, the kittens would drop down to rest wherever they happened to be, sprawled flat on the floor like the weary little babies they were. To-day they were nowhere in sight.

Teddy and Loveday looked under all the furniture in the kitchen and in the little parlor. They looked in Loveday's room and in Mrs. Blair's, and they looked in the woodshed. Bat and Bagheera were gone, and not so much as a black hair remained to tell the tale.

Mrs. Blair came in to find the children much worried.

"They are gone, Mother," said Loveday with tears in her eyes; "the twins are gone. We have looked everywhere."

"Oh, they are tucked into some corner, fast asleep," said Mother comfortingly. "They could not get out of the house, dear Love. The door was shut tight."

"But the kitchen window was open," said Teddy.

"Bat and Bagheera could not jump out of the window," said Mrs. Blair. "They can

hardly climb Loveday's steamer trunk. We will look again."

Mrs. Blair looked in all the places Teddy and Loveday had searched and in some they had not thought of, such as the closets and the stove oven. But the twins did not appear.

Loveday began to cry. "They are gone, Mother!" she sobbed. "Somebody has stolen the dear twins. What *shall* we do?"

"Darling, I can't believe they are really gone," said her mother. "They must have found some little place to crawl into that we don't know about. I think they are asleep somewhere and will come out again when they wake."

"The door wasn't locked," said Loveday between sobs. "Anybody could have come in."

"Nobody on Whistling Rock would take your kittens," said Mrs. Blair.

"Somebody from away might come," said

Loveday. "That lady who wanted a black kitty must have come back and looked in the window at them and opened the door and taken them."

Mrs. Blair could not imagine what had become of the twins. She was very sorry for Loveday and so was Teddy. He stood looking at her, almost ready to cry himself.

"I will run down to the next house and ask if anybody came up here while we were picking berries," he offered.

Loveday was crying too hard to speak. "I wish you would go and ask, Teddy," said Mrs. Blair, and then she sat down and took Loveday in her arms. She was still trying to comfort her when Teddy came back.

"Mrs. Jacobs says nobody has been past the house all day except Chris and Curtis Decker. And no strangers came to the island except the people who visited our house. She thinks

the twins are just hiding. The stealing lady hasn't been here, Loveday."

"But where are the twins?" sobbed Loveday and she cried harder than ever.

There was nothing for Teddy to do. He hugged Loveday and went soberly home with his basket of berries. When he reached the cottage on the point, the visitors had left, his father was using the typewriter in his study, and Mrs. Ransome was resting on the piazza while Christopher lounged in a hammock.

"Did you get all those berries?" said Mrs. Ransome. "How nice they look!"

"Mrs. Blair helped fill the basket," Teddy explained, and then he sat on his mother's lap and told her about the picnic and what a beautiful time they had until they found the twins were gone. When he came to this part of the story, Teddy's throat began to feel tight and queer, and in a minute he was crying.

"Loveday feels dreadfully," he sobbed. "She cried and cried. They really aren't *anywhere,* Mother. We looked and looked. The door was shut and we couldn't find so much as a mouse-hole for them to go out."

"Indeed, it is too bad," said Mrs. Ransome, trying to comfort him, "but I think they will come back. Nobody would steal Loveday's kittens. Everybody on the island knows how she loves them. Chris, you were up the hill this noon—did you see anybody about the Blair house?"

Christopher said he had not, and looked at his little brother. Teddy, strawberry-stained and tearful, lay in his mother's arms as though completely tired out. Teddy caught his glance.

"Won't you go and help Loveday find them, Chris?" he begged. "I've walked miles and

miles to-day. My feet don't feel like going any more."

"If they were any color but black I might look for them," said Chris lazily.

"They are *very* nice even if they are black," said Teddy, choking again. "Some people like black cats better than white ones."

"If they had so much as a white hair apiece, I would look for them," said Chris.

"Chris, don't tease," said Mrs. Ransome, kissing Teddy.

Teddy struggled out of his mother's embrace and ran over to the hammock. "*Would* you?" he asked. "They *have* some white hairs, Chris. Bat has two on the tip of his tail and Bagheera has one on his left front toe."

Christopher looked at his mother and laughed. "All right," he said. "On the strength of those three white hairs I'll put my mighty mind on the job."

"Take my new flash-light," offered Teddy. "It will be dark pretty soon. They may be hiding in the bushes."

"I don't want it," said Chris. "When I go panther-hunting, my brains afford all the light I need."

Chris went off the piazza. In about five minutes Teddy came again to his mother.

"Chris hasn't gone to Loveday's house," he said tearfully. "He has taken the road to the Light."

Christopher really had an idea about the kittens, but before he could test it, they were again in Loveday's arms.

For a long time she cried and Mother could not say anything to make her feel better. But at last, Loveday agreed to wait until morning before being *sure* that the twins would never come home. She washed her face and helped Mother get supper. Just as she began to eat,

the door opened and in stepped Hiram Penworthy.

"Missed any of your family?" he asked, and opened the basket he carried.

Loveday screamed. Curled in the bottom were the lost fur children.

She kissed them both, sleepy as they were, and sat down flat on the floor to pet them. "Where *did* you find them?" she asked. "Who took them?"

"Somebody who thought she had a better right to them than you," said Hiram. "Shadow has missed her babies, so she came along down to see what had become of them. When she found you all off and the coast clear, she helped herself. I found them up at the Light half an hour ago, with Shadow purring round, quite puffed with pride."

"Shadow must have jumped through the open window," laughed Mrs. Blair. "And

that accounts for both saucers being empty. I didn't see how those kittens could have drunk all the milk Loveday left for them."

"What I'd like to know," said Hiram slowly, "is how she managed. From here to the Light isn't short of half a mile. Did she take one at a time and come back for the other, or did she coax 'em along with her, carrying one and making the other walk? I'd like to have seen that procession."

"No wonder they are so tired," said Loveday. "Their legs are very short to walk all the way to the Light. Thank you very, very much for bringing them. But will Shadow steal them again?"

"Can't say," said Hiram. "She may and she may not. But if you come home and find them missing, make for the Light."

"If we go off again for the day, we will shut the kitchen windows," said Mrs. Blair, and

she, too, thanked Hiram for bringing back the lost children.

"Funny how Shadow has acted ever since they went," said Hiram. "After Ginger got through washing her kittens, Shadow would take 'em and do it all over again. Just this morning I found her holding one down by standing on its ear, while she scrubbed it from head to tail. To have two mothers is sort of wearing on a kitten."

"I must tell Teddy," said Loveday when Hiram was gone. "He will be so glad that the twins are home."

"Christopher is coming down the hill," said Mrs. Blair. "Ask him to tell Teddy."

Loveday ran to give the message. Christopher solemnly patted himself on the head.

"It is precisely what I suspected," he said. "I thought that Shadow was the thief."

The very next morning Shadow came again.

Loveday saw her trotting down the road. She seized the kittens and hurried them into the house. "I am going to take a stick and drive Shadow away," she said to Mrs. Blair.

"Oh, no!" said Mother. "Poor Shadow! They are her babies, Loveday. Invite her in and give her some milk and show her how happy her children are and how kind we are to them. Then perhaps she will be contented to let them stay."

Loveday threw away the switch. She patted Shadow and invited her into the kitchen. Bat and Bagheera rushed to meet her.

Shadow spoke to them in funny little tones and then she drank the milk Loveday offered her and lay down to rest. She was tired after the long walk from the lighthouse.

Loveday sat on the floor beside her and told her how much she loved Bat and Bagheera and that Shadow need not be afraid any one would

LOVEDAY SAT ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HER AND TOLD HER HOW MUCH SHE LOVED BAT AND BAGHEERA.— *Page 130.*

be unkind to them. Finally, she explained to Shadow that at the end of the summer, the twins would come back to the Light.

Shadow seemed to understand. She purred and listened and went to sleep. When she woke, she washed the twins thoroughly and then she asked to go out.

Loveday opened the door. Shadow went quickly up the road to the lighthouse, without trying to take her children with her.

CHAPTER ELEVEN TELLS ABOUT THE *BOWDOIN*

LOVEDAY had not forgotten the queer message Daddy whispered just as she left home, about giving his regards to the Cavern King. But she had not found any one who could tell her what Daddy meant.

First, she asked Mother, and Mother had never heard of him. She asked Teddy and he didn't know. She asked Teddy's mother and she said she couldn't imagine. And when she knew him a little better, she asked Teddy's father.

Loveday liked Dr. Ransome, though he was much older than her own daddy. He knew most interesting stories, which he would often tell her and Teddy, and he told them both a

great deal about the island birds and flowers and trees. To be sure, he had a funny way of stopping in the middle of a sentence and forgetting ever to finish it, forgetting even that the children were waiting for an answer. Loveday asked him about the Cavern King, and Dr. Ransome said that he had never heard of any king on Whistling Rock.

Loveday thought Grandma Penworthy might know, and one sunny July morning she and Teddy started for the Light to ask her.

All the weeks since Loveday came, there had been wild roses and wild strawberries, and she and Teddy had picked a good many of each. Loveday's cheeks were now as pink as the roses, and her hands and legs as brown as Teddy's, which is saying much, for Teddy's were *very* brown. One day Teddy felt quite cross because his mother thought the tan was dirt and scrubbed too hard trying to get it off.

Even now, they found berries hiding in the grass, and the children picked clusters to eat as they climbed the hottest part of the hill.

"I hope Grandma will know about the Cavern King," said Loveday. "Mother asked Daddy in a letter to tell us more about him, and Daddy said he was ashamed of Whistling Rock if nobody visited the king any longer. And he said that if I didn't find out, he would take us there when he came."

"Chris might know," said Teddy. "Did you ask him?"

Loveday had not done so. "Chris laughs at me," she said. "He might laugh if I asked him."

"He doesn't always laugh," said Teddy. "And Chris knows a lot about the island. He really knows almost as much about birds and flowers as Father, only he doesn't want anybody to think he does. I wouldn't be

surprised if Chris knew all about the Cavern King."

Loveday didn't want to ask Christopher, and started to say so when a surprising thing happened. The bell at the Light began to ring.

The children stopped and looked at each other. The bell was there, they knew, so that if the machinery for the fog-horn broke or would not work, a man could toll the bell to warn the ships, but since they had been on the island this had never happened. Not one wisp of fog was to be seen. Across the water the islands and mainland were perfectly clear. All around, the sea reflected the sun.

Here and there were pretty sailboats, with canvas gleaming like the wings of gulls. Toward the south a tug was towing a line of loaded barges. Close at hand Chris was leaving the harbor in his knockabout, which looked

a mere speck from the height of the hill. Passing the island and heading north was an ordinary-looking small steamer, with raking masts.

"Once, last summer," said Teddy, "the President's yacht went past and the bell rang. But his boat was white and pretty, not like that old steamer. Are they ringing the bell for her?"

"Let's hurry and ask Grandma," said Loveday.

The bell tolled three times and the children saw the boat dip her flag, for she was proceeding under sail, not steam. The salute was meant for her.

There seemed no reason why the bell should ring for this especial boat. She was short and chubby and stout and looked heavily loaded, but not very different from any tramp vessel that passed the island, except that she was rigged with sails as well as steam.

"Did the President come ashore?" Loveday asked as they started up the hill.

"No," said Teddy, "his yacht just passed. The big yachts go to Monhegan or Bar Harbor; they never stop here."

When they reached the Light, Grandma Penworthy and Hiram and Mr. Horwill and his wife, who kept the fog-horn, and the two men who helped, were all standing in a group, looking after the boat.

"Come quickly," said Grandma, as soon as she saw the children, "come and look."

Hiram handed Loveday a pair of field-glasses and Mr. Horwill lent his to Teddy.

"Why did the bell ring?" asked Teddy. Neither of the children saw why the Light should salute this shabby-looking boat. Through the glasses her decks appeared jammed with cargo, and there was nothing pretty nor attractive about her.

"She is the *Bowdoin,*" said Grandma, "the boat in which the explorer MacMillan is starting for the Arctic Ocean. He is going to stay two years and travel over the ice and study the ocean currents and learn all he can about the country 'way up north. The bell rang to wish her good-luck."

Now that they knew about the boat, Loveday and Teddy looked after her much more respectfully.

"I wish I were on it," said Teddy enviously. "They will see polar bears. There will be icebergs and Eskimo dogs."

"I don't want to go," said Loveday. "I don't like bears."

"It will be fearsome cold," sighed Grandma. "I hope all the men have plenty of warm clothes. Do you know, I was just wishing you two would come up the hill, for I have baked a gingerbread boy for Loveday and a

gingerbread girl for Teddy. You will find them on the kitchen table."

The children ran straight into the lighthouse. They came out with heads close together and talking earnestly.

"Do you mind, Grandma," asked Teddy, "if we change them? Loveday likes the girl better, and I'd rather have the boy."

"I don't mind one mite," said Grandma, but she looked as though something amused her.

They ate the gingerbread in the shed where Buttercup's children were playing in the sawdust. All three of Ginger's kittens had gone one by one to homes where people wanted them for pets. Soon these four would be big enough to go into the world. Loveday was more glad than ever that Grandma had lent the twins to her. Each day they grew more cunning and more desirable.

Hiram Penworthy was busy in the tower and he let the children go up to the lantern with him. Inside the tower the iron stairs wound round and round, and they had no railing and were very slippery. At the top was the lantern in an enclosure of plate-glass, the windows of which were screened by the orange-yellow curtains. Every day this glass had to be polished and kept speckless, and so did the lens of the big lantern.

The lantern was taller than either of the children, and its four sides were each made of many prisms. These were flat or curving pieces of glass, lapping over each other so that they reflected the light of the lamp just where the Government meant it should go. The lens had been made in France. A little brass plate said so.

Hiram and Archie MacGregor were rubbing and polishing even where no dirt could

possibly be, and everything smelled of kerosene. Teddy wanted to go out on the little platform circling the outside of the tower, but Hiram would not let him.

"Sometime, when I can go with you," he said. So the children went down the tower. Loveday peeped through the low door leading to the platform. She did not care to go out unless Hiram was with her, for there wasn't any floor to the platform, only narrow bars of iron, rather far apart, and it looked a long way to the ground. They could see all around the island above the trees. In the distance the *Bowdoin* was lessening to a speck.

Mr. Horwill was busy over the fog-horn, testing the machinery to see if it needed oil, and tightening all the nuts.

"How do you know when to blow the horn?" Loveday asked him earnestly. "How thick does the fog have to be?"

"Do you see Arrowhead Point?" asked Mr. Horwill.

"Yes," said both children.

"And Duck Rock up this way?"

"Yes," said Teddy and Loveday again.

"Well, when we can't make out either point by day nor either light by night, then she blows," said Mr. Horwill, and went back again to his oil-can.

Everything on the lighthouse hill was as neat and clean as was Grandma Penworthy's kitchen. Even the tree-trunks were white-washed, and so were all the stones edging the walks before the cottages.

The children forgot that they had come to ask Grandma about the Cavern King. They looked into the barn and found a pretty Jersey calf which liked to have his head patted and his ears stroked.

One part of the barn was used as a toolroom,

and on a bench inside the door sat a pot of red paint and near it were two brushes. At just the same moment, Teddy and Loveday saw that paint. Then and there they did something they should have left undone.

Hiram spent about an hour putting the lantern in perfect order. When he came out from the tower he stopped as though he could not believe his eyes. All the stones on the path leading to the barn had changed from white to bright red. On either side Loveday and Teddy were just finishing the last ones. What paint was not on the stones was on their hands and faces and clothes.

"Dear me!" said Hiram, standing between them on the path. "I really should *not* like the Government Inspector to come up the hill just now. I really should *not.*"

Neither Loveday nor Teddy had once thought that they were meddling with the

property of the United States Government. What had been only a naughty thing to do became something truly dreadful. They looked at Hiram, who stood there, sadly shaking his head.

Loveday's lip began to quiver. She had not meant to be so bad. She had only thought how much fun it was to paint the stones. Teddy looked very serious, but he was not going to cry.

"Will the Inspector put us in prison?" he asked.

Hiram only went on shaking his head.

"I—I guess it was my fault," said Teddy. "I painted the first one."

"But I painted the next one," said Loveday, and then Grandma Penworthy came out of the house. Loveday ran straight to her. Grandma took one look and saw just what had happened.

"Hiram Penworthy," she said, "don't you

tease these children. You should have locked that workroom door. And I remember how when you were a little shaver you took some black paint and painted a calf to make it into a zebra. Teddy and Loveday haven't done anything so bad as that."

Indeed, they had not! Neither one would ever have painted that pretty, soft Jersey calf. But Hiram went on shaking his head.

"Get some whitewash," said Grandma, "and don't stand there any longer waggling your head. Get two brushes, and Loveday and Teddy will paint them all white again, won't you, dearies?"

"Oh, Grandma!" said Loveday, "we didn't mean to be naughty."

"Of course you didn't," said Grandma. "Hurry with that whitewash, Hiram. The children want to get to work."

"Mother," said Hiram, "you can't spread

whitewash over wet red paint. It can't be done. Let bad enough alone. The children can come up to-morrow or the next day and whitewash them. If they do it now, the stones will look worse than that calf when I got through with it."

"All right," said Grandma. "We'll give them a chance to dry."

Teddy and Loveday both said they were sorry and that they would come again and make the stones white. And when they did, they found it was even more fun than to paint them red. When they finished, both were sure that the Government Inspector could never guess that any of the lighthouse stones had ever been any color but white.

CHAPTER TWELVE TELLS ABOUT THE HARBOR

AFTER her first few days on the island, Loveday ran barefooted on the beach just as did Teddy, or waded in the edge of the surf. Sometimes she went bathing when the older people came down for their dip, but the water was always cold. It made her shiver and exclaim, and she did not enjoy it.

Mother liked the cold water. She would put on a pretty dark-green bathing-suit and tie a bright handkerchief about her hair, and play in the harbor like a mermaid. Loveday and Teddy, paddling in safe, shallow waves, would watch. Often she swam out to the knockabout and Chris pulled her aboard. Then she and Chris would dive from the boat.

It looked like fun to stand on the gunwale of the little boat and plunge head first into the water. Evidently Mother and Chris thought it *was* fun, for they laughed a great deal while they were doing it. Chris would turn a back-somersault off the boat and come out right side up again.

Teddy and Loveday practised this on the beach but the sand did not act like the water. It was much harder and did not run out of one's hair. Loveday gave up trying to stand on her head after she got her hair so full of sand that it felt most uncomfortable. Mother washed it out with warm water and advised her to put on a bathing-cap if she wanted to do it again.

When she was tired of diving, Mother would swim ashore and lie in the sand beside the children. Loveday always planned to have freshly baked sand-pies to offer Mother when she came

out of the sea. Mother said that swimming made her hungry.

This was the time for Teddy's lesson. More than anything, he wanted to swim like his brother, and he tried hard to learn. Chris would come in from the knockabout and Teddy wade out till the water reached his neck. Chris held him by the back of his suit while Teddy kicked like a frog. He knew how to use his arms and legs and as long as he knew Chris had hold of him he could stay on top of the water. But the moment Chris let go, Teddy went to the bottom.

One day Chris took Teddy into really deep water and told him that he *must* swim ashore.

"You can do it perfectly well," he said. "No, I am not going to hold you up after you once get started."

"Chris! I shall drown!" cried Teddy.

"Of course you won't drown," said Chris,

"but I shall let you go under twice before I pull you out. Now—go ahead!"

Teddy set off bravely toward shore and Chris swam beside him. A wave rolled up the harbor. It was hardly more than a wiggle but Teddy thought it enormous. He started to scream.

"Shut your mouth," said Chris. "Take time to breathe."

Teddy fixed his eyes on Loveday, who stood anxiously on the very edge of the beach.

"Get down," ordered Chris. "Keep only your nose above water. You can't swim with nothing but your toes under the surface."

Loveday seemed much nearer to Teddy, but suddenly Chris fell behind. Teddy gave one yell, threw up his hands and sank.

He didn't sink far. Before he was fairly under water, his hands and feet both touched bottom. The yell stopped in the middle and

Teddy stood up, the water only to his waist, looking much surprised. Out behind him, Chris was laughing.

"I swam ashore!" shrieked Teddy. "Loveday, I swam ashore! Mrs. Blair, I can swim!"

"I told you you could swim if you only thought you could," laughed Chris. "Now don't ask me again to hold you up."

Loveday had on her bathing-suit, and while Teddy rested, Chris floated her out to where the water was deep enough for him to swim.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," he said. "Just rest it there and see what happens. Don't be afraid. I won't let you go under."

This was an exciting adventure. While Loveday held tightly to the strap of Christopher's jersey, he turned gently on his side and began to swim, towing Loveday after him. It seemed that she was going through the water extremely fast. She did not know that Chris

was swimming much more slowly and quietly than usual. At first, she felt frightened, and then it became the best of fun. The only part she did not like was the choppy little waves which came against her face. So she shut her mouth tight and lifted her nose above them.

"You are a sport, Loveday," said Christopher over his shoulder. "Not a squeal out of you. Shall I take you over to the knockabout?"

"Please, not to-day!" gasped Loveday. Chris had been swimming along shore, not far from the beach. To reach the boat meant going across the deep channel where the steamer came in.

"All right," said Chris. "I won't."

"Bring her in, Chris," called Mother from the shore. "It is too cold for her when she isn't exercising."

When she reached the shore, Loveday was

shivering, partly with excitement and partly because she was chilled. Chris wrapped her in his sweater. It was a dark-blue sweater with a white college letter on it. Teddy admired that sweater greatly but it was much too big for him to borrow.

"*You* can learn to swim," said Chris. "Anybody who isn't afraid of the water can learn."

"But I should be afraid if you weren't there," said Loveday.

"That's what Teddy thought," said Chris. "You saw him swim ashore. Being afraid is just an idea. If you think you aren't, why you aren't."

Loveday had never thought of this. All the same, she would *not* like to find herself in the channel unless Chris or Daddy, or somebody with strong, quick arms was near.

One morning she and Mother were having

breakfast on a table just outside the door. The little old cottage had no piazza, so they carried a table under the big lilac-bushes. They were really trees, not bushes, they were so old and large. Bat and Bagheera ate from saucers set on the grass close by.

Loveday was just finishing her shredded wheat when a strange steamer came around the point and anchored in the harbor. The anchor dropped with a splash.

Not many boats stopped at Whistling Rock, though many went past each day. Sometimes they were heavily-loaded lumber schooners, their decks high piled with planks. Sometimes they were pretty steam-yachts with shining brass and fresh white paint, and cosy wicker chairs where ladies in light dresses sat under shady awnings. Sometimes a string of coal barges passed, as dirty as the yachts were clean. So, when a boat came in and cast anchor, peo-

ple at once wanted to know her business. Loveday had seen this boat before and she told Mother that it was the lighthouse tender.

They had hardly finished breakfast when Teddy came hurrying up the hill. He wanted Loveday to come down to the harbor and see about the tender.

"But I must wipe the dishes for Mother," said Loveday. "Mother, won't you wash them right away?"

"I will help you wipe them," said Teddy. "I know how, and I won't throw the plates up in the air the way Chris does."

"What happens when Chris does that?" asked Mrs. Blair, laughing as she gathered the dishes to take into the house.

"Sometimes he catches them again and sometimes he doesn't," said Teddy, "but Mother doesn't scold. She can't, because when one smashes, Chris grabs her quick and kisses

her, and that makes Mother laugh. But *I* think Chris breaks them a-purpose. He told me he was tired of the blue plates and wanted some new ones."

"We haven't many dishes to keep house with," said Mrs. Blair. "I certainly don't want mine broken."

Teddy and Loveday wiped the dishes quickly. They did not drop anything but a spoon, and spoons don't break.

"You need not wait to help me with the beds, Loveday," said Mrs. Blair, when they finished.

Loveday put on her hat and she and Teddy ran down to the wharf. Quite a good many people were looking at the tender. All along her decks lay big spars, some painted black and some red. The paint was the shade of red that Teddy and Loveday had used for the lighthouse stones. Probably the

Government owned a great deal of that red paint.

The children sat on the edge of the wharf to watch the men on the tender get out barrels of oil for the Light and tins of gasoline for the fog-horn. They were loaded into a big boat which soon started for shore. Eight men rowed the boat, and two officers with white caps sat in the stern.

When the children saw the Inspector, they felt glad that the stones by the lighthouse were all white once more, and that Hiram had promised never to tell that for two days some had been red.

When the boat reached shore, the men loaded the supplies into a truck to take them up the hill. Several trips would be necessary because the truck, which belonged to the storekeeper, was so small.

Harry Decker was rowing about the harbor

in his father's skiff. "Want to go out to the tender?" he asked the children.

"Mother lets me go in a boat with Harry," said Teddy to Loveday. "Come and get us," he called.

Harry was ten years old and he could manage a boat very nicely. As soon as he could lift an oar he had learned to row. He brought the boat to the rocks below the wharf and Teddy and Loveday stepped in. Harry pushed off.

He kept looking over his shoulder so as to steer for the tender. Teddy watched to see that he went there, but Loveday looked down into the harbor. The water was so clear that she could see fish below the boat, and seaweed and sand at the bottom. Before she knew it, they were near the tender.

Harry rowed around the steamer, which looked big and black. Its name was the *Alces-*

tis. The name was painted in gilt letters on either side of the bow.

When the skiff had circled the steamer, Harry came close to its side. A sort of trap-door was open in the hull for the barrels of oil to be taken out and some men were standing there.

"Please, may we come aboard?" asked Harry.

One of the sailors came to the side of the steamer and looked down at them. "Yes," he said, and he threw a rope to Harry.

Loveday thought it would be fun to go on the tender, but she did not see how she was to get there. The railing was far above her head and she did not know how to climb the rope.

She did not have to climb it. The man who said they might come aboard threw a rope ladder over the steamer's side. Its end fell across Harry's knees. This was for the chil-

dren to come up. The other rope was to tie the boat.

Teddy went up the ladder first, with Loveday next and Harry last of all, because he was the oldest and it was harder to climb the rope ladder when no one held it at the bottom.

To get up that ladder was not easy, even though it had two sides and places to put one's feet. Loveday did the best she could, and as soon as he could reach her, the man at the top took hold of her and lifted her over the side of the boat.

Its lower deck was piled with the huge spars. The sailor told the children that they were to be anchored in the proper places to mark the channel into Rockland harbor. The spars already there were old and rotten.

"Why are some of them painted black and some red?" Teddy asked.

"So as to tell the boats which side to go,"

explained the sailor. "When the pilot coming into harbor sees a red spar, he knows that the channel lies to the right. If the spar is black, he must steer to its left."

The steamer had a pilot-house and state-rooms for the captain and officers, and a saloon for them to have their meals. There was another for the engineers and yet another for the crew. The sailor told the children that they might walk anywhere about the steamer, and look in all doors that were open, but not to open any that were shut and not to touch anything.

The fore-deck was loaded with oil barrels and boxes of supplies. The forecastle where the crew slept had bunks all around the sides. These were like shelves with a box front.

The cook called his kitchen a galley. His helper was peeling potatoes and the cook him-

self was frying doughnuts. He gave the children each one.

"This is the best doughnut I ever ate," said Teddy when he had finished his.

The cook laughed and gave them each another. "That'll do," he said. "It's pretty near breakfast time."

"I didn't mean to ask for another," said Teddy, "but I think they are most remarkably good. I never saw so many doughnuts all at once."

"There won't be many left when the men get at them," said the cook, and he went on cutting the dough. Think of the biggest pan you ever saw. One even bigger was already heaped with fried cakes.

The sailor who helped Loveday aboard helped them back into the skiff. He went down the rope ladder and held the end so it would not flop about when the children came

down. When all three were safely in the boat, the man ran up the ladder and pulled it after him. They thanked him and said good-bye and Harry rowed back to the wharf.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN TELLS ABOUT THE MACKEREL

LOVEDAY and Teddy usually played together without quarreling. They did not always wish to play the same thing at the same time, but they were quite fair about taking turns.

One morning when Loveday came to the beach, Teddy was really cross. He would not play store, not even when Loveday had the store all ready, with clam-shell dishes, and white sand for sugar, and old cork floats for barrels of flour. He threw stones at poor Pershing and did not feel sorry when one made him yelp. Pershing went away, looking back reproachfully, for Teddy was usually kind to him.

Then Teddy walked over Loveday's store and broke her best clam-shell.

This was more than Loveday could stand. Teddy began to throw sand at her and she got up and pulled his hair.

"I won't play with you any more," she said. "I am going straight home."

"I wish you would," said Teddy, and he threw more sand.

Loveday went away, quite angry with Teddy. She had really been patient.

She found Bat and Bagheera ready for a frolic. She tied a string to a spool and watched them chase it for a long time. Then she picked some fresh goldenrod for the big stone pot in the sitting-room. By the time she had it arranged, Mother was in her bathing-suit, ready to go down for a swim.

Loveday went back with her, though she meant only to wade. Mrs. Thorpe and Miss

Dutton and half a dozen other people were sitting on the sand, watching Christopher and Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Phelps, who were trying to ride small barrels, floating in the harbor. They had cut a board to look like a horse's head and neck and nailed it on one end of each barrel. The bunghole was plugged so that the barrel floated high in water.

To ride one of these wooden horses looked easy, but it was not easy at all. Even when safely astride one, it was hard to stick on. The next wave might tip you off, and when you once began to roll, just as surely you went completely under water.

Teddy was sitting by himself on the sand, watching the road up the hill as well as the young men playing in the water. When he saw Loveday coming with her mother, he ran to meet them.

"I am sorry that I threw sand and that I

broke your shell," he began. "Mother said I had been naughty ever since I got up this morning and she couldn't stand it any longer. So I have been spanked and now I feel very much better."

Mrs. Blair laughed, but Loveday looked at him without a smile.

"All right," she said. "But I am *not* sorry I pulled your hair. Let's come and play."

"Loveday," said Mrs. Blair, "you didn't tell me that you pulled Teddy's hair."

"I didn't think I need tell you," said Loveday, "because I waited until after he threw sand at me."

Before long all the people on the beach went into the water to play with the barrel-horses. Such screaming and laughing and shouting as filled the harbor!

"The bigs are making a great deal of noise,"

said Teddy. He and Loveday happened to be the only small children at Whistling Rock that summer, and the young people in the water seemed to them very grown-up.

"Mother has climbed on a horse!" cried Loveday. "Look at Mother riding the horse!"

Before she finished the last word, Mother was no longer on the barrel-horse. She was entirely out of sight in the harbor. Presently she came up, laughing and shaking the water from her wet hair.

In the fun and excitement, nobody but Loveday saw Curtis Decker and the Yellow Peril careering down the lighthouse hill. It looked as though the Yellow Peril touched only the high places on the road. Curtis leaped from the seat and ran down the wharf. He began to ring the big bell which hung by the last fish-house.

At the first stroke, the people in bathing stopped their play and looked around. Chris and Mr. Thorpe each gave a yell and started for shore as fast as they could swim.

Christopher won the race, and he began to run the moment he was out of water. He tore up the beach so fast that Pershing could hardly overtake him. Mr. Thorpe leaped ashore and ran in the other direction toward his cottage.

"What's the matter? What's happened?" asked Loveday.

"It's the mackerel," explained Teddy. "They have sighted the first school. Curtis was watching at the Light and came to ring the bell."

All up the slope of the hill, men were dropping their hoes wherever they happened to be in the long potato rows. First, they ran to their houses and then to the wharf. Others

stopped calking boats or checking freight and made haste to get ready.

Almost before the other bathers swam ashore, boats were putting out to one or the other of the three fishing-schooners which lay in the harbor; men climbed aboard and began to hurry about their decks. The dripping people came out of the water, put on sweaters or raincoats and sat down to watch the boats go out.

"Why did Chris and Mr. Thorpe run?" Loveday asked her mother.

"I imagine they want to go with the boats," said Mrs. Blair. "Isn't that the reason, Teddy?"

"Yes," said Teddy. "Chris always goes with Curtis in the *Dexter Clark*. It's his father's schooner. I *wish* I was big enough to go."

Christopher came running from the cottage,

dressed in stained old khaki trousers and pulling a heavy blue jersey over his head.

"Chris, dear, be careful," called Mrs. Ransome as he hurried toward them.

"Yes, Mother," said Chris. He tried to kiss her as he ran past, but slipped in the sand, fell down himself and tipped Mrs. Ransome over backward.

"Pardon, gentle Mother!" laughed Christopher, but he did not stop to pick her up. If he was going on the *Dexter Clark* not a second must be lost.

The *Ghost,* the *We're Here,* and the *Dexter Clark* were crowded with men and big boys, hurrying about their decks in what looked like great confusion. Harry Decker rowed Chris out to his father's schooner, and Mr. Thorpe went with the *Ghost.* When Teddy saw that Harry was permitted to remain on board, it seemed more than he could bear.

"Harry is only ten," he said to his mother. "It is *not* fair. If Curtis takes Harry, Chris could take me."

"But ten is three years older and bigger than seven," said Mrs. Ransome, "and Harry's father owns the boat, you know."

"Chris does *everything* the island boys do," said Teddy bitterly. "And I *know* he didn't hang up his wet bathing-suit before he left. You always make me hang up mine."

He sprawled across his mother's lap and would not look at the *Dexter Clark* until a cheer from her crew told that she had pulled in her anchor, started her engine and got under way before the other schooners.

She went past with Chris and Curtis in the lookout on the foremast, Chris looking aft and Curtis forward.

"It makes me shiver to see my son standing on a cleat nailed near the top of a mast, and

with only a rope to hold to," sighed Mrs. Ransome, but she waved to Chris as they passed. Loveday wanted to know why the boys climbed the mast.

"To see the mackerel and tell the boat where to steer," explained Mrs. Ransome. "The school of fish shows as a silvery patch near the top of the sea. When the schooner is near enough, they lower the small boats with the net, and one boat rows in one direction and another in the opposite way until the seine is spread. Then the boats curve toward each other until the school of fish is surrounded and caught in the trap."

"I should think they could get out at the bottom," said Loveday.

"They don't, because the seine is large and as the men close in around the school, they pull the net together at the bottom so it makes a sort of pocket to keep the fish in."

The *Ghost* was the second schooner to leave and she was immediately followed by the *We're Here.* Then a great silence fell over the harbor and the island. No men were left in garden, fish-house, or on the wharf. Even the gulls were missing. For once, not one circled in the air. They, too, had gone for mackerel.

Mr. Phelps, Miss Dutton, and Mrs. Blair swam out and brought ashore the three barrel-horses. They rolled them up the beach above high-water mark. Then everybody went home to dress.

While Mother got out of her wet bathing-suit Loveday sat on the flat round doorstone and saw that one of the fishing-schooners had found the mackerel. She was lying motionless on the water, while four boats circled about her, spreading the seine, just as Mrs. Ransome said they would do. And after a time, Loveday

saw a great glitter of silver as the net full of fish was pulled aboard.

Every family on Whistling Rock had fresh mackerel for supper that night. Even Bat and Bagheera shared in the feast.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN TELLS ABOUT THE CAVERN KING

ON another visit to the lighthouse, Loveday remembered to ask Grandma Penworthy about the Cavern King.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Grandma. "I guess it is something your daddy made up. I never heard of him."

Loveday asked a number of other people. She asked Mr. Jacobs, who kept the store, and Mrs. Jacobs, his wife. She asked Harry Decker; she asked Mr. Horwill of the foghorn; she asked Mr. Thorpe and Miss Dutton, but nobody could tell her.

And all the time there were two people on the island who were acquainted with the Cav-

ern King. One of them was Hiram Penworthy and the other was Christopher Ransome. Loveday found out the very moment that she was willing to ask Chris.

One morning when the wild strawberries were all gone and the raspberries were fast going, and the blackberries were getting ripe, Loveday ran down after breakfast to play with Teddy. He was not waiting for her on the beach, so she went to the big cottage on the point.

Teddy was sick and in bed. His mother said that he had eaten too much ice-cream the evening before, down in the shadowy store by the wharf.

"You may go up and see him for a moment, Loveday," she said. "He will like to have you come."

Teddy was on the screened porch which ran all along one side of the cottage. If one were

obliged to stay in bed, this was the nicest possible place to be. Teddy could see every boat which came into the harbor, could watch all the gulls wheeling against the sky. The gulls seemed never to tire.

"I am sorry you are sick," said Loveday.

"It isn't *right* for me to be sick," said Teddy, who looked pale and sober. "I think it is Mother's fault. She made me eat bread and milk when I wasn't hungry."

"Bread and milk doesn't make people sick," said Loveday.

"It must have been that," said Teddy. "It was not the ice-cream. It couldn't have been, because Chris was there and he ate much more than I did, and he isn't sick at all. It *was* the bread and milk."

Loveday thought it was the ice-cream and knew that Teddy knew it, only he did not want to say so. There seemed nothing she could do

to make him feel better, so presently she went away.

She walked slowly toward her house, wondering what was best to do with the morning. All about her the goldenrod was in blossom and asters were showing purple fringes. Not many weeks now before Daddy could come.

At her right lay a low meadow, bordered by a stone wall. Loveday liked the gray stone walls of New England. Where she lived, the fences were of wire.

On the wall by the road sat Chris, looking at something in the bushes. Loveday saw that it was a tremendous spider-web. Every strand was outlined with rainbow drops of dew. It reflected light like the stone in Mother's prettiest ring. A black spot in the centre was the spider.

Christopher looked around when she came, smiled at her, and went on watching the web.

He did not pretend he was not interested in it.

Loveday stood beside him to see the fairy drops grow smaller in the heat of the sun, till finally there was only a big web in the bushes, wonderful even now, but no longer like a magic wheel. They did not speak to each other.

At last, every drop was gone. Chris slid from the wall and looked at his watch. Loveday suddenly made up her mind to ask him the question which nobody else could answer. She knew Chris much better now, and she did not really mind his laughing.

"Chris," she said earnestly, "do you know what Daddy means by the Cavern King?"

"Of course," said Chris, without even smiling. "I know all about him."

"You *do!*" exclaimed Loveday. "Oh, Chris, please, *please* tell me!"

Christopher again looked at his watch. He

was expecting a college friend on the boat from Arrowhead Point, but the steamer was not due for three hours.

" I'll do better than tell you," he said. " I'll show you his front door, if your mother won't mind my hiking you across the island."

" She said I might play all the morning with Teddy and I can't because he is sick," said Loveday eagerly.

" So it won't matter if you play with me instead? Let's go to it, then. How is the tide? "

" It's 'way out but I don't know whether it is coming or going," said Loveday, dancing about on her toes.

Christopher shaded his eyes with a brown hand and looked at the water. " It is still on the ebb," he said. " We shall have time to call on his Majesty. Come along."

Loveday came, with extra skips and prances

because it seemed too good to be true that she was to have her heart's desire.

"How do you know about the King when Teddy doesn't?" she asked.

Chris gave her a comical look. "Don't you think a man of nineteen may know a trifle more than one of seven?"

"I only meant why didn't you *tell* Teddy?" said Loveday.

"I don't know," admitted Chris. "Perhaps because he doesn't believe in water-sprites. He never did take any stock in fairies."

"I do," said Loveday.

"That is why I am taking you to visit the Cavern King," said Chris.

They left the road to go through the woods, along the path toward Eagle Head. Loveday had often been thus far, but suddenly Chris turned to the left into the spruces and hazel-bushes. There was no path, but he held back

the branches for Loveday to follow. For a few rods the walking was rough and then they came to the bed of a dry brook. No water now ran among the moss and stones.

A very long time ago the rocks on either side must have split and moved apart from one great mass, for there was a space for the brook to go down, and at a little distance on either side rose high ledges. Ferns grew in their crevices and trees arched overhead.

Loveday skipped from stone to stone. Sometimes the tall brakes grew to her shoulders. Even with Mother, she had never walked in a place like this.

Chris took much longer steps, though he was really walking slowly and he continually cast quick glances about him. Suddenly he went to the high stone wall at one side and looked at some ferns growing half-way up.

" Ah, ha! " he said. He picked one fern and

put it carefully between the leaves of a note-book.

"What is it?" Loveday asked. To her it looked a plain green fern just like all around them.

"My father," said Chris, "thinks this kind of fern no longer grows on the island. Wouldn't you say there was a square yard of it up there? I knew all the time that it was here, or, at least, I was quite sure it grew in this ravine."

"Why didn't you show it to him?" asked Loveday.

"Why didn't I?" replied Christopher. "Perhaps, because he doesn't believe in fairies either."

Loveday saw no connection between fairies and ferns, but there was no knowing what Christopher meant, so she went skipping down the bed of the brook.

In about twenty minutes the ravine ended in a patch of large round stones, and the way was barred by a growth of young maples.

Getting through those maples was not easy, though Christopher helped all he could, twice untangled her hair-ribbon and once unhooked her from a bough which caught the belt of her bloomers and snatched her off her feet.

They came out on the shore in a spot where Loveday had never been. To the right rose a low cliff around which, Chris told her, lay Eagle Head. Directly in front, she saw a rocky beach and beyond it a tremendous rock, to which stretched a line of stones. Some of these stones wore seaweed fringes, showing that the tide washed them.

The rock itself looked as though it had once been a part of the island which broke off and fell into the sea. In falling, it had cracked open, but not all the way down. There was a

V right down its middle through which Loveday could see blue water and blue sky. All around the base of the rock, except just where the path of stones led across, the waves were breaking.

Chris crossed the path and Loveday followed. It was so slippery that she was glad to take the hand offered her. In a moment they reached the crack in the rock that towered far above.

"Are we going through *that?*" asked Loveday.

"We go through that," said Christopher, "and how are we to manage?"

The crack was about fifty feet long and not quite straight. It curved at the base so that Loveday couldn't creep along the bottom. She wasn't big enough to crawl on one side with feet braced against the other, as Chris meant to do.

"If I take you on my back," said Chris, "I shall probably break your head. How is it to be done?

Loveday looked at him expectantly. She had perfect confidence that he would find a way.

They finally did it by Loveday's creeping from ridge to ridge along the bulging side of the crack while Chris held her there from below. He himself stepped with feet braced on the other side. It was not easy for either but they got through with the loss of a little skin scraped from Loveday's bare knees and Christopher's elbows.

And they came to the most wonderful place Loveday had ever seen.

Once through the crack, the rock at its base became level and smooth like a table. Behind and above, and at both sides, the cliffs rose high and straight, but before them a stone floor

sloped to the sea. Little rollers broke lazily along its edge. Away back in the woods a thrush sang and in front lay the blue ocean.

" Over here," said Chris.

Loveday followed and sat down flat on the rock beside him. The edge of the table dropped sharply. It looked as though a giant had cut a wedge-shaped piece from the cliff just as the grocer cuts a piece of cheese. At the point of the wedge was the front door of the Cavern King.

It was exactly like a door. Two rocks formed its posts, another lay across them for a top, and a smooth slab made the door. From the posts and the top of the entrance swayed long brown streamers of seaweed. Foamy waves ran up to break against the fast-shut door.

Loveday looked and looked and did not say

one word. Her hands were clasped in her lap and her eyes fixed on the waves that ran up and knocked, ran back and tried again. After a long time, she looked at Christopher.

He smiled at her, but still they did not say anything. Loveday looked again at the door, and Christopher rolled over on his back and lighted a cigarette. It was not necessary to talk.

The waves kept knocking, knocking, and the seaweed spread in long dark fans, to be left hanging behind when the water slid away. Loveday could not see the bottom of the door. That was under water.

"Have you ever seen it open?" she asked Christopher gravely.

Chris shook his head. "I think the Cavern King keeps it locked," he said.

"Have you ever seen him go out or in?" Loveday asked earnestly.

Christopher suddenly sat up. He was not looking at the door but at the sea.

"Look, Loveday," he said quickly. "Do you see that spot of foam? Watch, and if it isn't the King himself, it is surely one of his slaves."

Loveday watched. In a moment, a little farther off than the foam, a round dark head rose from the sea. It looked straight at Loveday with appealing brown eyes. They were as big and as soft-looking as those of Hiram's Jersey calf, the calf the children did *not* paint. But the calf had no whiskers and this thing which rose from the waves had long, light-colored ones. It stayed in sight for half a moment and then disappeared.

"Has he gone into the cavern?" asked Loveday in a whisper.

"I don't think he will go in till the tide is high," said Chris.

Loveday sat in silence. She knew that Chris was only helping her play, but it was a kind of play that she very much liked.

"I suppose it isn't truly the Cavern King's slave," she said at last.

"Why not?" asked Chris lazily. "It really is a seal, Loveday. They come round sometimes, but what is to prevent our thinking that the old King in his cavern sent him to catch a fish for dinner?"

"I think he did," agreed Loveday happily. She knew about the seals that lived in the sea. The book that told about Bagheera, the black panther, had a story of a white seal named Kotik.

"And he can't bring home his marketing till the coming tide," Chris went on. "We mustn't stay to see that. Do you know what would happen if we did? We should have to shin to the top of the cliff and sit there till

next low water. At high tide this rock is an island."

"I would like to see how the door looks at high tide," said Loveday.

"I'll try to bring you around in the boat," offered Chris.

"The knockabout?" asked Loveday in alarm. Nothing could induce her to set foot in that tippy little thing. She had seen it out in the harbor with mast and sails almost flat on the water while Chris kept it from going over, only by clinging practically outside the hull on the other side.

"I meant the motor-launch," said Chris, laughing a little. "You needn't worry, Loveday. I'd hate worse to take you in the knockabout than you would to be in it."

"I would like the launch," said Loveday. "Do you think the King lives alone in his cavern?"

"I am sure he does," said Christopher promptly. "I suspect he is such a crank that none of the sea people can put up with him. Oh, he has his troubles as well as the rest of us. Did your father never tell you about the merman whose wife went off and left him?"

"Oh, Chris," said Loveday, clasping her hands, "do *you* know it, too? Please say it to me right here by the Cavern King's door. I *love* it, and Daddy never had a place like this to tell it to me."

Not for worlds would Christopher have recited that poem to anybody older than Loveday but he could not resist her appeal. She listened with eyes fixed on the front door of the King's palace. The waves surged and broke as an accompaniment and a huge one struck the door just as Chris reached the lines:

"Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

No, there could be no doubt that the King had his home to himself. Loveday drew a long breath and looked at Chris, who was turning over some small pebbles at the foot of the cliff. He chose a white one, worn smooth by the waves. Loveday watched him take a pencil from his pocket and write four words upon it:

"Loveday Blair,
Christopher Ransome."

Then he handed her the stone. "It is our visiting-card," he said gravely. "Drop it before the palace portal, so when the King comes home with the tide he will know we have been here."

Jumping to her feet, Loveday carefully dropped the pebble into the water. It fell just

where she meant it to go, at the base of the door. Now, she was satisfied to leave, and really, they had paid quite as long a first visit as it is polite to make.

But as she turned to follow Chris to the crack in the cliff, she saw something which made her exclaim with joy. Out of the sea arose the black head of the King's slave, and gleaming between his whiskers shone a silvery fish.

"Didn't I tell you," laughed Chris, "that the old codger had ordered one for his dinner?"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN TELLS HOW DADDY CAME

JUST as from " Sometime," the day for going to the island became " To-morrow," so with the day when Daddy was to come.

By this time, the autumn flowers were making the island almost more beautiful than in June. All over the meadows shone starry gentians, the color of the sky, with fringes like soft eyelashes.

The people on Whistling Rock liked them so much that they picked only a few. They preferred to see them in the grass. And they did not like it at all when visitors from other islands came and took their gentians. Loveday and Mother kept exactly seven blossoms in a glass in the living-room. They never picked more than that.

Everybody had gone blackberrying and made jam, and now in sheltered places the cranberries were beginning to show red cheeks, though most were yet white. The asters and goldenrod made the slopes a sea of gold and purple.

On the day when Daddy was to come, it rained as hard as rain could fall. It seemed as though the floor of heaven were being washed with so much water that it spilled over the cloud-edges in torrents.

Daddy's boat was due at noon and Loveday went to meet it. After the first hard storm, Mother bought her rubber boots and a rubber coat, and a sou'wester just like Teddy's so she could run about, no matter what the weather.

She and Teddy were on the wharf when the *Island Belle* came. The fog was thick and the horn blowing and they could not see the

steamer, though they could hear her whistle. She loomed suddenly out of the mist, close to the wharf, before they knew it.

Loveday saw Daddy on the upper deck and Daddy saw her. That is, he saw two little figures in rainy-day clothes, but because they were dressed exactly alike, with sou'westers pulled down, and because they were just the same height, he did not know for a moment which was Loveday and which was Teddy. He knew the other must be Teddy because every letter from the island had told him of Loveday's playmate.

But when the steamer came close, he saw that one little black figure had longer hair than the other, though both were smiling and waving at him.

When he had Loveday in his arms, he hardly knew her. She didn't look like the pale little person he put into that hot train away back

on the first of June. Now, she was three inches taller, and eight pounds heavier, and as brown as a little gypsy girl. On her cheeks, the pink showed through the tan. Daddy could hardly believe that even his dear island had made such a change.

He shook hands with Teddy, who immediately decided that he liked Loveday's father, and then Mrs. Blair came running down the wharf. She thought she would have time to get there after the steamer whistled. Loveday thought it was much wiser to start half an hour before it was due.

Then Loveday had a surprise, for the island people began to shake hands with Daddy and call him "Jim." And all the way up to the Blair cottage, they came out in the rain to speak to him and say how glad they were to see him.

"Are you glad to get back, Daddy?" she

asked when they had reached their own home.

"*Am* I?" asked Daddy. "Do you think, Loveday, that this is really the same old earth? Hasn't something happened to make it into heaven?"

Mother and Loveday both thought Daddy looked tired and pale, but he said it was only because he came from the city where all the people didn't have complexions like wild Indians. Still, he slept late for two mornings and took several naps during the day, and then he felt rested and they began to have fun.

First of all, they went up to the Light, and Mother and Loveday hid behind the lilac-bushes while Daddy knocked on Grandma Penworthy's kitchen door. When she came to open it, he took her right in his arms and kissed her.

How Mother and Loveday laughed, for

Grandma jumped! "What do you think you are trying to do?" she asked. Then she said, "My land, if it isn't Jim Blair!" And then she hugged him hard.

Mother and Loveday came out from the bushes and they all sat in front of the lighthouse with Grandma and Hiram, and ate cookies and looked at the sea and had a perfectly beautiful time.

When Sunday came, Mother said they must all go to church because Dr. Ransome was going to preach. Once or twice each summer, he would talk to the island people. He didn't do so every Sunday, because he was very busy all winter, and when he came to the island, he wanted to rest.

Loveday had been in the little church on the hillside. Its door was never locked, so one day she and Teddy went in to look around. It was a tiny place with a dozen pews on either

side, a table on a platform and a queer old melodeon that took both hands and feet to play.

Daddy did not want to go to church. He thought he and Loveday could be happy on the beach, but Mother said it would be rude even for Loveday not to go when their kind friend was to preach. So on Sunday afternoon, they went to the church where quite a good many people were already seated. Mrs. Ransome and Teddy came in just behind them.

Then Christopher came and he told his mother in a whisper which everybody heard, that he would not stay one moment unless the windows were instantly opened.

Loveday was shocked that he should say so right in church. Nobody started to open any windows, and Chris did it himself. Since it was Sunday, he wore white trousers and a white silk shirt with a blue tie, but his hair was just as untidy as usual.

"Good work!" Daddy whispered, and he began to open windows on his side of the church. By the time Daddy and Chris sat down again, considerable fresh air was blowing through the place and the island people were pulling wraps about their shoulders and looking patient, but nobody said anything. They did not like so much fresh air, but everybody liked Chris Ransome.

After that, the church was far more pleasant. From her seat, Loveday could see the ocean glimmering in the distance and the wind waving the tall grass which grew to the very door.

When Dr. Ransome came, he asked if somebody would play the melodeon, and a young doctor staying at Eagle Head Inn said that he would play. Then the service began.

Loveday liked it better than the church at home. She shared Daddy's hymn-book and

the music was soft and pleasant and everybody sang.

Dr. Ransome did not do what Loveday called preaching. He stood before the little group of people and talked to them in just his ordinary voice, of how Christ spoke to the fishermen on the Lake of Galilee and commanded them to cast forth their nets.

They knew all about fishing, these island people; they knew about storms on the sea and nets that broke and let the fish escape. They listened, and the few visitors listened just as hard. Even Loveday and Teddy understood almost everything he said.

And when they came out, it was into a gold and crimson sunset, with a thrush and a star, and the sea all pink and blue, and little puffy pink clouds, like a choir of cherubs, surrounding the glory-spot in the sky.

"We wouldn't mind going to church twice

each Sunday if we could hear a talk like that, would we, Loveday?" asked Daddy. "Especially if Chris were there to open the windows."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN TELLS HOW THEY WENT AWAY

DADDY stayed two weeks on the island and every day something pleasant happened. Of course, he and Loveday went again to call on the Cavern King, and they took Mother with them. Loveday was delighted that she could help Daddy find the way. The bushes and shrubs had grown since he was there.

When they came out on the shore and Mother saw the rock and the big deep crack through which all callers had to climb, she was quite shocked.

"I had no idea that Christopher took you to such a place, Loveday," she said. "It is dangerous."

"Oh, no, it isn't," said Daddy, "not if you watch your step and keep an eye on the tide. Come on, Ruth, be a sport!"

Mother was always that, and she climbed through the crack easily. When she was on the other side, she liked it as much as did Loveday.

The door of the Cavern King was shut as tightly as ever, the seaweed swayed in the surging waves, and Loveday's calling-card was gone. She lay flat on the edge and looked for it.

"When he came home, he took it inside," she announced. "We must watch and see whether he has sent his slave for fish to-day."

Evidently the Cavern King was dining on something else, for they did not see the black head pop out of the waves. Loveday watched for him while Daddy again recited for her the story of the Forsaken Merman. Then she sat

looking at the fast-closed door and made up stories about what was on the other side and what magic words would be needed to open it. When they went away, she brought Daddy three smooth white pebbles on which to write their names, and dropped them before the door.

"Till next summer," she said. "We *are* coming back next summer, aren't we, Daddy?"

"I think we must," said Daddy. "Even though it breaks the bank to do so, we must never stay away from the island so long again."

Another day they had a lobster supper on the rocks by Herring Cove. Everybody was invited. All the people who had spent the summer on Whistling Rock came, and so did many who lived there the whole year round.

Daddy thought *he* was giving the party, but he soon found that it was meant for him. The people made him the guest of honor and in-

sisted that he should get up and talk to them, and laughed at the funny stories he told.

It was not a lobster supper alone. There were clam chowder and bread and butter and coffee and cake. When she first came, Loveday had not liked lobster, but now she liked it very much.

"I don't suppose I shall have any more till next summer," she said, "so to-night I have eaten a whole hind-quarter."

"You mean a big claw," said Teddy.

Then the people sat around a fire and toasted marshmallows and then they lay on the rocks and tried to sing, only they couldn't because they had eaten so much supper. And the moon that rose out of the sea looked as big as the fog-horn and as bright as the Light itself.

It seemed as though Time began to travel in an airplane, the days went so swiftly. Loveday collected her treasures. She sorted the

pebbles because they were so heavy to take home, but Mother said she might take the choicest ones and all the shells and seaweed and the eagle's feather she had found on the cliff.

Of course, Mary Christine and Petite Marie had to have their clothes repacked. Loveday did this and promised that she would be a better mother to them. They had been shamefully neglected.

Loveday found out to what little girl the table and dishes in the play-cupboard belonged. Long ago, Daddy had a little sister who did not live to grow up. Grandpa Blair made the toys for her just as he did the ship for Daddy.

When Daddy saw that ship again, he went straight out to sail it in the brook. While he was doing it, Hiram Penworthy came along, and he sat on one side of the pool and Daddy on the other, and they spent a whole hour playing with the toy ship.

Mother told Loveday that she might take the wooden dishes home with her, but after thinking a long time, Loveday decided that she would leave them just where she found them, in the wall-paper cupboard in the kitchen.

"I can have them next summer," she said, "and I shall like to think that they are waiting for me here."

On the last afternoon, Teddy and Loveday carried the twins back to the Light. They had grown so big and heavy that they went this time in separate baskets.

"Bagheera is going to be a beautiful cat," said Teddy when they were safe in Grandma's kitchen.

"So is Bat," said Loveday. She had tried to treat the twins just alike but in the bottom of her heart, she had always loved Bat a little better. Bat had an endearing way of dabbing his paw at the chin of whoever picked him up,

and he had a rude trick of shaking his feet at his saucer when he had eaten enough, or when he did not like his supper. Sometimes, he would shake all four feet, one after the other. It was impolite but cunning.

"Both are going to be very handsome cats," said Grandma, looking at them through her spectacles. "You have taken good care of them all summer, Loveday. If Shadow has any black kittens next spring, I will lend them to you. And now, I want to give you something to remember me by. Come into the parlor."

The children followed Grandma. On either side of the parlor fireplace stood two immense oyster-shells and on the mantel lay a small stuffed seal.

Grandma opened a closet and from a high shelf took two stuffed birds. One was a bantam hen and the other a bantam rooster.

"You may have one to take home," she said to Loveday. "Which will you choose?"

Loveday stood lost in admiration. She thought both were perfectly beautiful.

"If I were you, I should choose the rooster," said Teddy.

The tail of the little cock shone with soft gleaming colors, shading to green and even to purple. But the hen was truly a "little red hen." Her head was turned slightly to one side, as though listening for a worm, and her eyes were bright.

"I like the hen better," said Loveday. "She is so cunning and her beak has such a pleasant expression."

"Then Teddy may have the rooster," said Grandma. "I thought that you would choose the hen."

The children were delighted. They thanked Grandma Penworthy and hugged her hard.

They had never seen anything like the little hen and cock.

Loveday said good-bye to Ginger and to Shadow and to Buttercup and to all her kind friends on the lighthouse hill. They might not get down to the wharf to see them go the next noon.

Then she and Teddy started home, each carrying carefully Grandma's parting gift. Half-way down the hill they met Christopher.

Christopher looked at them and at the cock and hen and then he sat down on a log and held his head in his hands. He did not speak one word as they passed.

"I think Chris was laughing," said Loveday suspiciously.

"I don't care if he was," said Teddy. "Chris laughs at a great many things that are not at all funny."

When the *Island Belle* was sighted in the

distance the next day, most of their friends, and that meant practically everybody on Whistling Rock, came to say good-bye to the Blairs.

Loveday didn't know how much she belonged to the island until she came to leave. She started to shake hands with Christopher and he laughed and picked her up.

"Come now," he said. "The first time we ever met you hugged me so hard you nearly knocked me flat."

So Loveday had to hug him again, and then once more because he had taken her to the door of the Cavern King. It was Teddy whom she found hardest to leave. When the *Belle* drew up to the wharf, they were clinging tight to each other.

"I *wish* you lived in New York," said Teddy. "Promise you will come back here next summer."

"I will, oh, I *will!*" said Loveday. "Daddy *says* we are to come."

"Teddy, I'll surely bring her," said Mr. Blair, and then Teddy had to let Loveday go.

He stood on the very edge of the wharf when the steamer began to move. The Blairs were waving handkerchiefs and the wharf fluttered with handkerchiefs and hats. Teddy held a megaphone.

"Come next summer!" he called through it, and then he fell off the wharf.

The steamer was backing into the channel and everybody on board saw him fall and saw the big splash. Captain Gibson rang the bell and the engine stopped. Gasps and cries of dismay went up from wharf and deck.

"O dear!" said Mrs. Blair. "The water there is fifty feet deep!"

"He can swim, Mother," said Loveday hopefully.

"They'll have him out directly," said Daddy. "Hurrah for Chris! Good boy, Curtis!"

Teddy had hardly gone under when Curtis and Chris both jumped from the wharf. They came up on either side of Teddy and before he could scream or sink again or do more than strike out blindly, Curtis had him by the arm and Chris by the collar. How everybody shouted and cheered!

Ropes were thrown from the wharf but the boys towed Teddy to the rocks where landing was easier.

The engine of the *Island Belle* began again to throb just as Teddy, a dripping little blue figure, scrambled to a foothold on the slippery rocks.

"I'm not hurt," he shouted through the

megaphone he still held. "I kept my mouth shut and I didn't swallow any water. Oh, Loveday, come back next summer!"

THE END

"Oh, Loveday, come back next summer!"—*Page 218.*

In my
May Sunday
to Lemuel
Oct, 1921

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